AUGUST 1930 35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

The best supper for your child *will save time and work for you*

WHAT a busy life the mother of a young child leads! Every day she must do so many things . . . all the way from preparing carefully balanced menus to seeing that the child gets plenty of both exercise and rest.

By evening, who wouldn't be tired? How welcome then to know that the best meal she could give her children is also the easiest to prepare. Dietitians say that a crisp, ready-to-eat cereal with milk is ideal for an evening meal. And so just pour Kellogg's Corn Flakes into a bowl and know it is really a better supper than if you had spent an hour's work on preparing it.

Kellogg's cereals furnish quick energy and are unusually easy to digest — an important point in children's suppers. They are an aid to restful sleep. Excellent as a conveyor of milk. Children love their delicate flavor and crispness.

The grown-up members of the family will like Kellogg's too. For breakfast — for lunch, perhaps with fruits or honey added. You'll also appreciate the waxtite *inner sealed* wrapper which makes the flakes *stay* oven-fresh in your pantry. Only Kellogg's offer this feature. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

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Angelo Patri has said: "It seems to me a boy and a girl can have no greater, richer gift than a love of reading. Once they can read and enjoy their reading, they have the whole treasure of life within their reach. Your boy or your girl is exactly like the thousands of Junior Guild members. They are eager to read the finest new literature which has that elusive combination of glamour, romance, human values that are wholesome and facts that can be depended upon.

We are extending this offer to you because we want you to know all that the Junior Literary Guild can and does mean to growing boys and girls. You will see why, in one short year, this Boys' and Girls' Book Club magazine has become so important to thousands of boys and girls and their parents. For every month an issue of Young Wings is sent to all Junior Guild members with their new books.

In it are stories about boys' and girls' favorite writers and illustrators. Junior Guild authors and artists themselves tell how they came to write and illustrate their books, thus bringing boys and girls into intimate touch with many of our finest creative artists. Most popular of all are the pages written by the Junior Guild Members themselves—the Honor Department, with prizes and contests and other features dear to the hearts of the young.

Let this magazine, so interesting and so inspiring to boys and girls, come to your home for six months. A few of the recent issues are pictured above, with covers designed by famous artists. The contents of each issue which your boy or your girl will receive will be equally fine, equally fascinating.

All the Junior Guild Editors contribute to Young Wings, the same eminent group of men and women who each month select outstanding new books for our young members—Carl Van Doren, Helen Ferris, Katherine Ulrich, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Angelo Patri, Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg and Harford Powel, Jr.

You will welcome word of the work which they are doing as they send these books each month to the boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 16 whose parents have made them members of the Junior Literary Guild.

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JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Visit the Kellogg Wonders

"I WISH I had a wonder ring," said Ruth. "You know, the kind you turn that summons an invisible genie to grant your wishes."

"Aw, you're mixing your fairy tales," retorted Robert. "Aladdin's genie wasn't invisible, and *he* came from a lamp—not a ring."

"*My* kind comes from a ring—like that tiny one of cousin Bob's," said Ruth firmly. "And he is invisible, and he *does* bring me happiness."

Cousin Bob smiled, stopped his car, and slipped his little ring onto Ruth's finger. "Try it out, then," he advised.

Ruth dimpled and shut her eyes. "I wish to find something that'll bring me *much* happiness," she said slowly.

"This way, please," muttered a deep voice that *might* have been Cousin Bob's. And she opened her eyes.

The car had reached Battle Creek, Michigan and was stopping before a huge manufacturing plant that looked particularly clean and sunshiny and inviting.

"The home of Kellogg's," read Robert, jumping out of the car. "Evidently your invisible genie is bringing you here to see how those good Kellogg foods are made."

Ruth followed Cousin Bob and her brother inside the big door and the guide who met them let her choose which Kellogg food she wanted to learn about, first.

"Kellogg's Corn Flakes!" she answered promptly. "Though I *do* love their Pep Bran and Rice Krispies and Krumbles, too!"

They were all much interested in learning that the big tanks storing the best grade of corn held 1,000,000 bushels of it.

"Twenty thousand bushels of it are used every day—and it takes 700 acres a year to grow that much," Robert found out from the guide.

"Whew!" said Cousin Bob. "Now let's see how the corn is cleaned and softened by steam so that the hulls can be removed."

After watching this it was Ruth's turn to talk to the guide, and her turn to pass out information. "This machine takes out the corn germ, whose oil would spoil the flakes, and leaves just the hominy grits or *sweet heart* of it left," she told them.

"Yes, and here's where they flavor it with malt and sugar and salt—and then cook it for three hours under steam pressure," added the guide, pointing to some of the grits just cooked. "It looks different!"

Ruth laughed. "The way I look after playing out in the beach," she said. "It isn't white any more. It's *sunburnt!*"

"The flavor's better, too," said Cousin Bob. "Now here's where the grits have a hot air bath, or rather drying—and here's where they are rolled into golden brown flakes."

"What rollers!" exclaimed Robert, watching the flakes come out of the machines on to belts that carried them to the toasting ovens.

"The pressure is forty tons," said the guide.

"It almost takes a genie to press *that* hard," whispered Ruth to her brother. "O, look at those funny drums, rolling over those gas flames!"

"One minute in this toasting oven merry-go-round, and your corn flakes are crisp and ready to eat." laughed Cousin Bob. "See, all they do now is cool the flakes in those big tanks, and then pour them by machinery into the cartons lined with waxtite bags, that keep the corn flakes fresh. Then they are sealed and the carton tops are sealed and—there you are!"

"Those corn flakes make me hungry just to look at them," said Ruth. "And when served with milk the guide says they give us heat and energy and building material, too!"

But their trip was not over yet. They watched the delicious energy food, Kellogg's Rice Krispies, and the nutritious, Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes, that also tasted so good, and saw them cleaned, cooked, dried, rolled, flaked, toasted and packed in a good deal the way the corn flakes had been. They didn't have time to watch how Mother's good Kaffee Hag Coffee, or their Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit or All-Bran was made—they saved that for another day—but they came away loaded down with some interesting Height-and-Weight-charts, Kellogg Kid booklet and other pamphlets that showed just what good things to eat in order to get energy, to stimulate growth and build new tissue, blood, bones, and teeth.

"It *was* interesting," said Robert, as they started the car homeward again, "but I guess your genie forgot to grant you that happiness wish."

"No, he didn't," exclaimed Ruth. "For I guess he showed me the yummy Kellogg foods that help bring *health* and health brings happiness—so there!"

Uncle Bob nodded. "You guessed so well that the genie has decided that he will give you that wonder ring, too!" he told her gaily.

(Advertisement)

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Number VIII

CHILD LIFE

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PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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MADE IN U. S. A.

"Mother, ... how can I get COOL?"

Hot August days! *Stifling* August evenings: *Sleepless* August nights! How hard they are on baby.

For that matter, how hard hot weather is on the entire family. Now is the time to think of extra baths . . . for cleanliness, to be sure . . . but also to soothe and cool and freshen us. If a program of several-dips-daily is fine for folks on vacation, why not also for us wilted stay-at-homes?

Whatever your age, here's a recipe for comfort in mid-summer: Light eating, light dressing, and plenty of water, inside and out.

For coolness the bath should be warm or tepid. Make it tepid if you feel like lingering.

Use soap to wash away that "sticky" feeling . . . the product of active oil and sweat glands. And blot, rather than rub yourself dry.

The final important step in this hot weather relief, takes you into crisp, clean clothes from the skin out, or between fresh, cool sheets at night.

Try these simple suggestions . . . when baby frets . . . when Sonny gets cross or won't take his nap . . . when you yourself are uncomfortable.

And if you would like to know some of the many other things that baths can do for all of us, besides keep us clean, send for our *quite* interesting booklet called "The Book about Baths." The coupon will bring it *free*.

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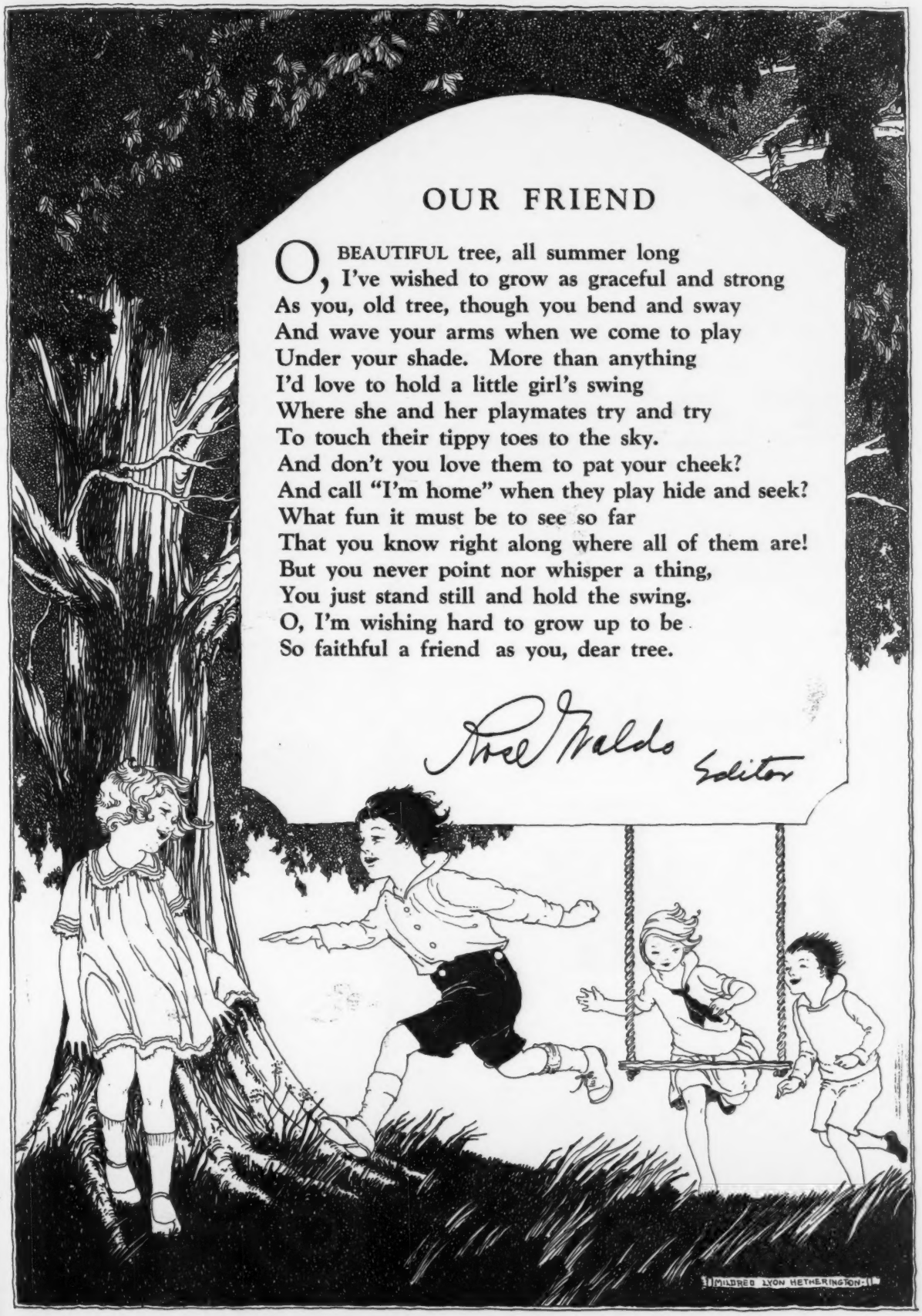
OUR FRIEND
O, BEAUTIFUL tree, all summer long
I've wished to grow as graceful and strong
As you, old tree, though you bend and sway
And wave your arms when we come to play
Under your shade. More than anything
I'd love to hold a little girl's swing
Where she and her playmates try and try
To touch their tippy toes to the sky.
And don't you love them to pat your cheek?
And call "I'm home" when they play hide and seek?
What fun it must be to see so far
That you know right along where all of them are!
But you never point nor whisper a thing,
You just stand still and hold the swing.
O, I'm wishing hard to grow up to be
So faithful a friend as you, dear tree.
Editor
MILDRED LYON HETHERINGTON

OCEANS
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES
CRABS in the crab-holes;
Starfish on the rocks;
Shy little sea-pigeons;
Seagulls in flocks;
Periwinkles, sea shells;
A white ship afar—
Oceans are the nicest
Things there are!
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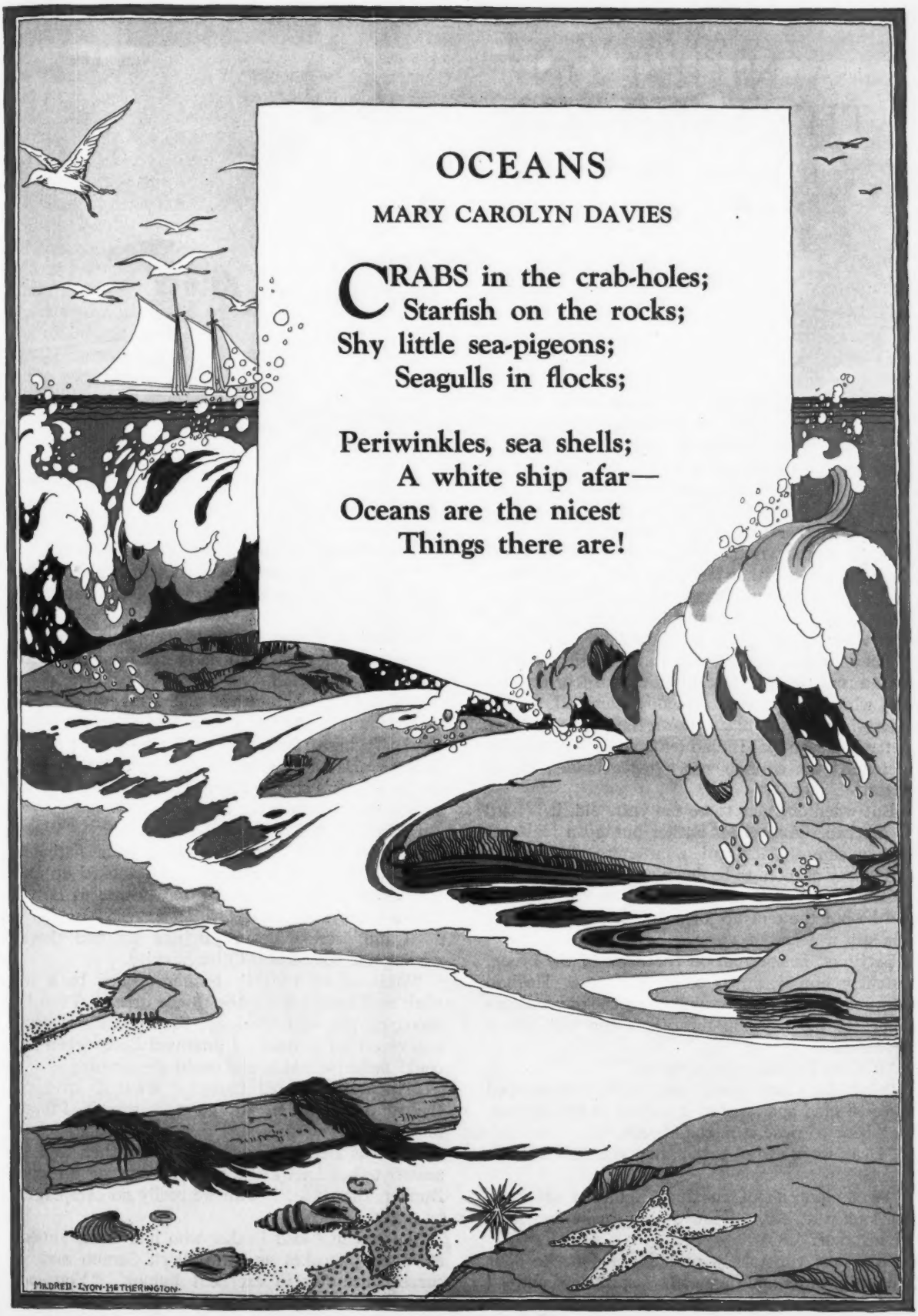
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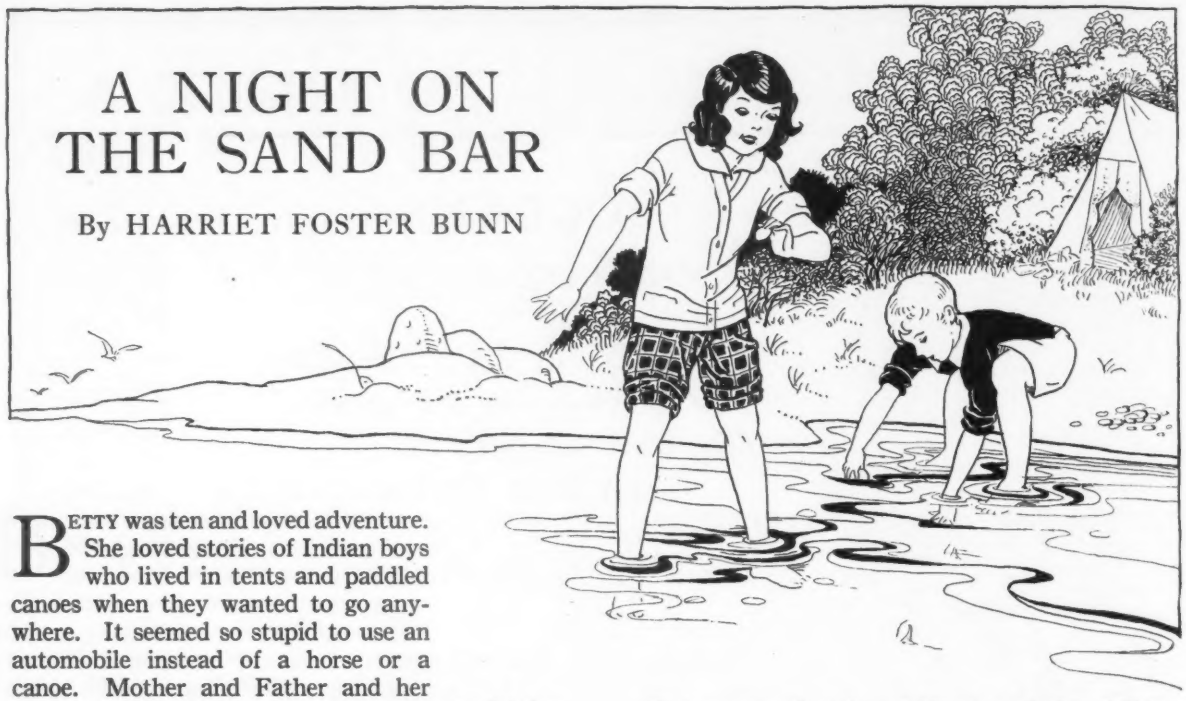
A NIGHT ON THE SAND BAR

By HARRIET FOSTER BUNN



BETTY was ten and loved adventure. She loved stories of Indian boys who lived in tents and paddled canoes when they wanted to go anywhere. It seemed so stupid to use an automobile instead of a horse or a canoe. Mother and Father and her younger brother, Bob, more or less agreed with her, for every summer they left town with its hot asphalt and motored up to a cottage on the St. Croix River. True, they took an automobile to get there. But once there, Betty forgot all about it.

Their cottage was low and stained a silvery gray, with a roof that came to a point from four corners. Tall white pines spread a canopy overhead, so that even when the sun blazed down the house was cool. Betty had seen real Indian tents and sometimes she pretended the cottage was a tepee hidden in the forest.

But when one gets to be ten years old, it is hard to pretend. And when Father put up a real tent with a canvas floor and a mosquito netting flap and plenty of room to lie down and sleep, to pretend was impossible. Father was going on a fishing trip and he put the tent up for a few days to be sure it was still waterproof.

Betty sat beside him on the bank of the brook, watching him wash his camping dishes. He had a complete set of shiny aluminum cooking utensils that fitted, one inside the other, and slid into a canvas bag.

"Father, I want to go camping."

"Camping's hard work," said Father as he scooped up some sand and swished it around in the fry-pan, then bent to rinse it in the stream.

"I can wash dishes better than you can; Mother said so."

"Well, how about cooking?" Father sat back and looked at her. "How do you make flapjacks, for instance?"

"You, er, you take a package of pancake flour and lots of water and then you—just flip 'em, and—"

"How much water?"

Betty guessed at it. "About a pitcher full."

"That sounds like soup, not pancakes. You learn to make pancakes and when I can eat them, we'll see!"

Greatly to Father's surprise there were pancakes for supper that night, and Betty in a pink-checkered apron waited on him.

"Well, well," said Father. "Pancakes just before I start on a trip where I'll have to eat them every day! Trying to break me in, I s'pose?"

Betty passed the butter and syrup and stood beside Father's chair looking anxious, while Mother watched from across the table.

Father cut his cakes and took a bite. "Whee, these are good! Mrs. Jameson, your flapjacks would do credit to a camper." He looked up and intercepted a wink passing from Mother to Betty. "Who made these cakes?"

"I did," cried Betty jumping up and down, waving the spatula. Mother nodded.

"Well, of all the—" Father pushed back his chair and looked from one to the other. Then he shook his finger at Mother. "Do you know what you've gotten us into? I promised Betty when she could make pancakes she could go camping!"

"Hurray!" shouted Betty. "We'll go over on the sand bar. Can we go to-morrow? I'll go tell Bob."

Bob was Betty's seven-year-old brother, and in answer to his sister's call, he came running up with Bunker, the collie. "Can we really go camping?" he asked.

"Of course," said Father who had eaten almost as many pancakes as little Black Sambo and in consequence felt in excellent humor. "You can both swim and paddle a canoe. Why shouldn't

you sleep over on the sand bar. We can hear you call if you want us."

"We won't call," cried Betty and Bob together.

"They might as well go to-morrow and get it over," sighed Mother resignedly. "There's a full moon, so they can find their way home."

"We won't come home," cried the chorus.

By ten o'clock next morning the canoe was loaded. Father had gallantly loaned not only his tent but the camping blankets and the dishes he had just polished for his own trip. Mother made dozens of sandwiches, jam, olive, bacon and peanut butter, and put in two chocolate nut bars and plenty of fruit. "Just in case their fire goes out," she apologized to Father, who wanted to send corn meal and dried apricots and rice, real camper's fare. He saw to it that the pancake flour got in anyway.

He also managed to get himself invited to call on the campers in order to put the tent up.

"Of course, we could do it," Betty told Bob. "But it's Father's tent, so we ought to be extra polite to him."

At twelve o'clock Father departed in the rowboat, taking Bunker with him. Bob had begged Betty to let Bunker stay.

"No dogs around my camp to mess things up." she insisted. "Besides he eats too much."

That was a convincing argument. After their labors of the morning the campers were famished. As soon as Father pushed off they opened the picnic basket and fell upon the contents.

The sand bar was a long, low island, sometimes almost submerged when the river was high. Sometimes, as in midsummer, a strip half a mile long protruded from the water. Father had pitched the tent in front of some low bushes on the dryest, highest point.

"Now mind you don't get sand in the pancakes," he said and left them.

Lunch was soon dispatched. "Um, but camping is fun," mumbled Bob, biting into the last of the chocolate bar.

"You certainly ate enough, Bobby MacDuff. There are only two sandwiches left."

"I only had nine. Look!" He was balancing on his head and his elbows, trying to turn a back somersault. With heels pointed toward heaven he balanced for a full moment and then fell heavily backward against the tent, scattering sand broadcast.

"I'll bet I can stand on my head twice as long as you can." Betty burrowed into the sand. But her longer legs kicked madly in the air and she soon sprawled beside him.

When this amusement paled, they built sand cities and waded for clams. The water was so clear that the clams hadn't a chance. The tiny curved trails they left behind them in the sand were easy to follow, and soon the children had a heap on the bank. Betty knew how to cut the muscle so that the shells dropped apart, revealing a slimy looking creature in an exquisite frame of shell. They dug their fingers in and pulled him out, hoping to find a pearl in the process. But they were unsuccessful.

"If we get a carload of shells, we can sell them to a button factory," Betty tried to encourage him.

But Bob had enough. "I'm hungry again," he said.

"Boys are the limit." Betty was resting from her labors in the canoe. Her feet, swung over the side, dabbled in the water.

"Well I'm only seven and you're the cook." Hunger made Bob argue.

"All right, go find me some sticks for the fire." Betty got out the pancake

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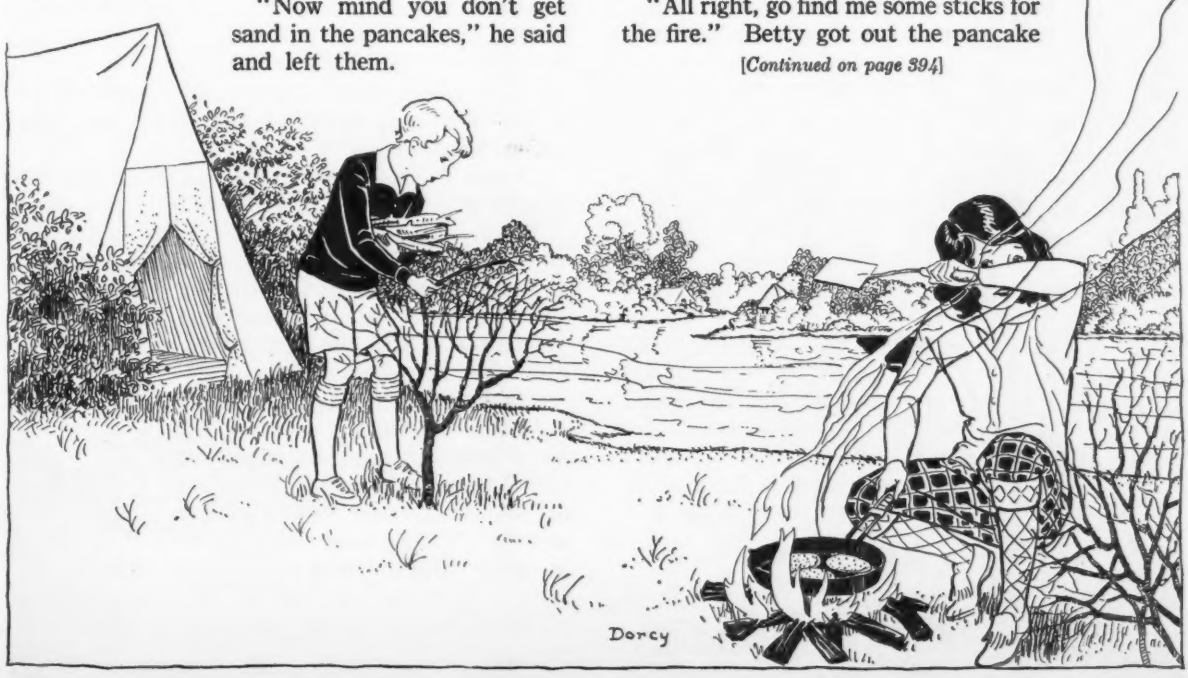
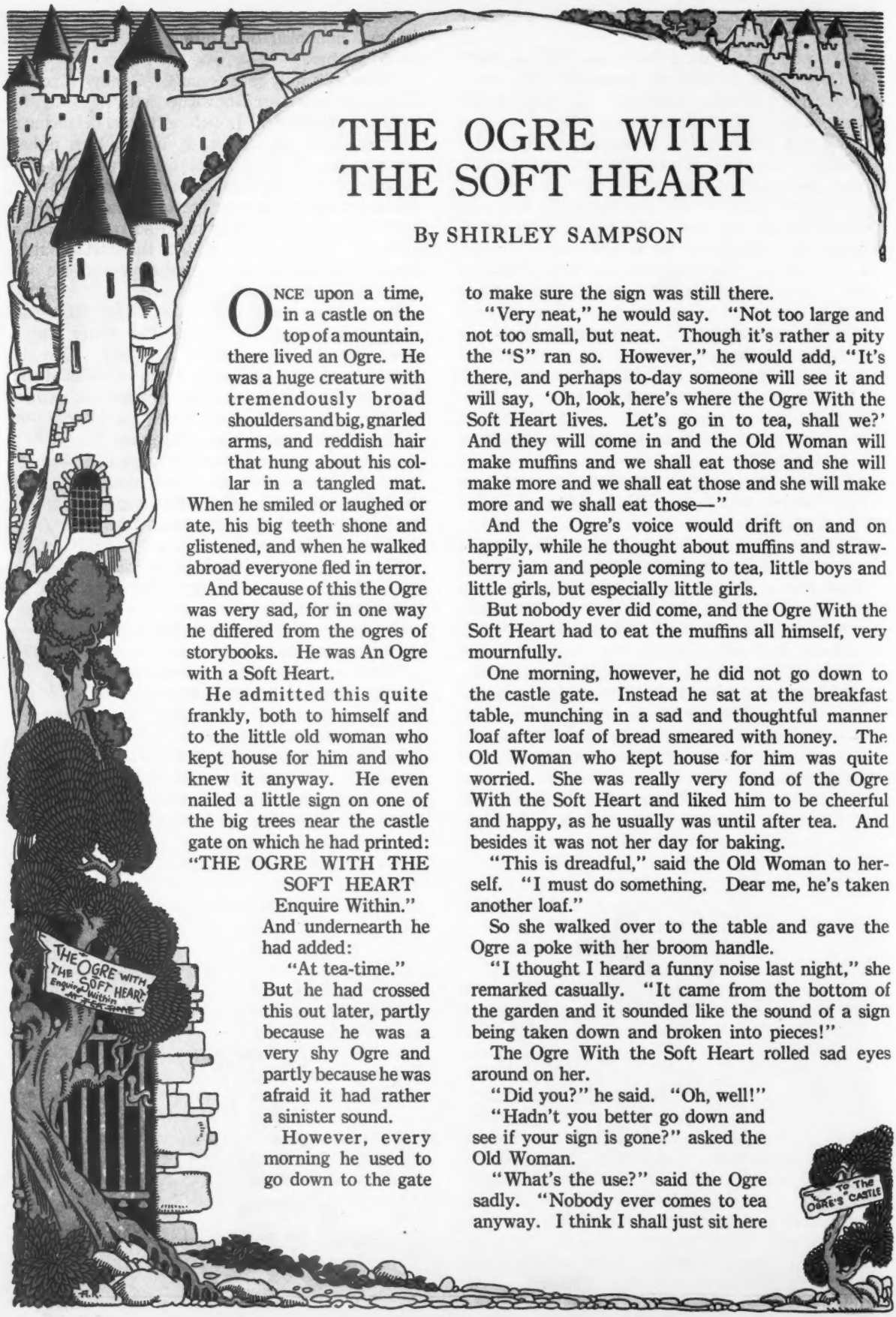




THE OGRE WITH THE SOFT HEART

By SHIRLEY SAMPSON

ONCE upon a time, in a castle on the top of a mountain, there lived an Ogre. He was a huge creature with tremendously broad shoulders and big, gnarled arms, and reddish hair that hung about his collar in a tangled mat. When he smiled or laughed or ate, his big teeth shone and glistened, and when he walked abroad everyone fled in terror.

And because of this the Ogre was very sad, for in one way he differed from the ogres of storybooks. He was An Ogre with a Soft Heart.

He admitted this quite frankly, both to himself and to the little old woman who kept house for him and who knew it anyway. He even nailed a little sign on one of the big trees near the castle gate on which he had printed:

"THE OGRE WITH THE
SOFT HEART
Enquire Within."

And underneath he had added:

"At tea-time."

But he had crossed this out later, partly because he was a very shy Ogre and partly because he was afraid it had rather a sinister sound.

However, every morning he used to go down to the gate to make sure the sign was still there.

"Very neat," he would say. "Not too large and not too small, but neat. Though it's rather a pity the "S" ran so. However," he would add, "It's there, and perhaps to-day someone will see it and will say, 'Oh, look, here's where the Ogre With the Soft Heart lives. Let's go in to tea, shall we?' And they will come in and the Old Woman will make muffins and we shall eat those and she will make more and we shall eat those and she will make more and we shall eat those—"

And the Ogre's voice would drift on and on happily, while he thought about muffins and strawberry jam and people coming to tea, little boys and little girls, but especially little girls.

But nobody ever did come, and the Ogre With the Soft Heart had to eat the muffins all himself, very mournfully.

One morning, however, he did not go down to the castle gate. Instead he sat at the breakfast table, munching in a sad and thoughtful manner loaf after loaf of bread smeared with honey. The Old Woman who kept house for him was quite worried. She was really very fond of the Ogre With the Soft Heart and liked him to be cheerful and happy, as he usually was until after tea. And besides it was not her day for baking.

"This is dreadful," said the Old Woman to herself. "I must do something. Dear me, he's taken another loaf."

So she walked over to the table and gave the Ogre a poke with her broom handle.

"I thought I heard a funny noise last night," she remarked casually. "It came from the bottom of the garden and it sounded like the sound of a sign being taken down and broken into pieces!"

The Ogre With the Soft Heart rolled sad eyes around on her.

"Did you?" he said. "Oh, well!"

"Hadn't you better go down and see if your sign is gone?" asked the Old Woman.

"What's the use?" said the Ogre sadly. "Nobody ever comes to tea anyway. I think I shall just sit here

till lunch time, thinking and thinking and perhaps eating a crumb or two now and then. By the way, I wonder whether you would mind just moving a little to one side? You are between me and the bread board, and I believe I could nibble another slice or so.

"Thank you," he added, after a minute, "though its very difficult to nibble another slice when there is no other slice to nibble, isn't it? Oh, well—"

He sighed deeply and stood up. The bread board was certainly empty, though he was quite sure at least one loaf had been there a minute ago.

"I think I shall go out on the terrace," said the Ogre. "Just shout, 'Lunch,' in a loud sort of voice and I'll know what you mean and come in."

So he went out on the terrace and stretched himself in the sun, and the Old Woman carried the two loaves she had hidden under her apron into the pantry and went on with her sweeping.

The Ogre With The Soft Heart sat on the terrace. It was very warm in the sun and presently his head began to nod. When he awoke, two little squirrels had crept quite close to him and were looking at him with bright, curious eyes. They scampered back several feet and one of them tripped and fell over backwards.

"Dear me," said the Ogre With The Soft Heart, "do let me help you up."

"D-don't bother," said the squirrel in a quivery voice. "I say," he added in a loud whisper to his companion, "is it dangerous?"

The other squirrel wore spectacles and carried a large notebook under one arm.

"It is an Ogre," he said, "but I believe it eats only babies and occasionally rabbits."

"I don't," said the Ogre crossly. "All I want is for children to come and take tea with me. Only they don't and so I sit on the terrace and am sad."

The second little squirrel was scribbling rapidly in his book. "Wants people drink tea. Is sad," he wrote. Then he addressed the Ogre again. "Well, if that's all you really desire why don't you get proper clothes?"

"Aren't they all right?" asked the Ogre, astonished. "It is my second best bottle green tunic."

The squirrel sniffed and adjusted his spectacles. "According to my book, what a person (male) should wear when he wants to look his best is a blue velvet suit with a lace collar, silk socks *and* red shoes. It does not mention bottle green tunics."

The first little squirrel, who had seemed a little timid in the beginning, peered mischievously at the Ogre With The Soft Heart. His bright eyes twinkled.

"Oh, do wear all that," he piped. "I should love to see you."

The Ogre stood up and bowed gravely.

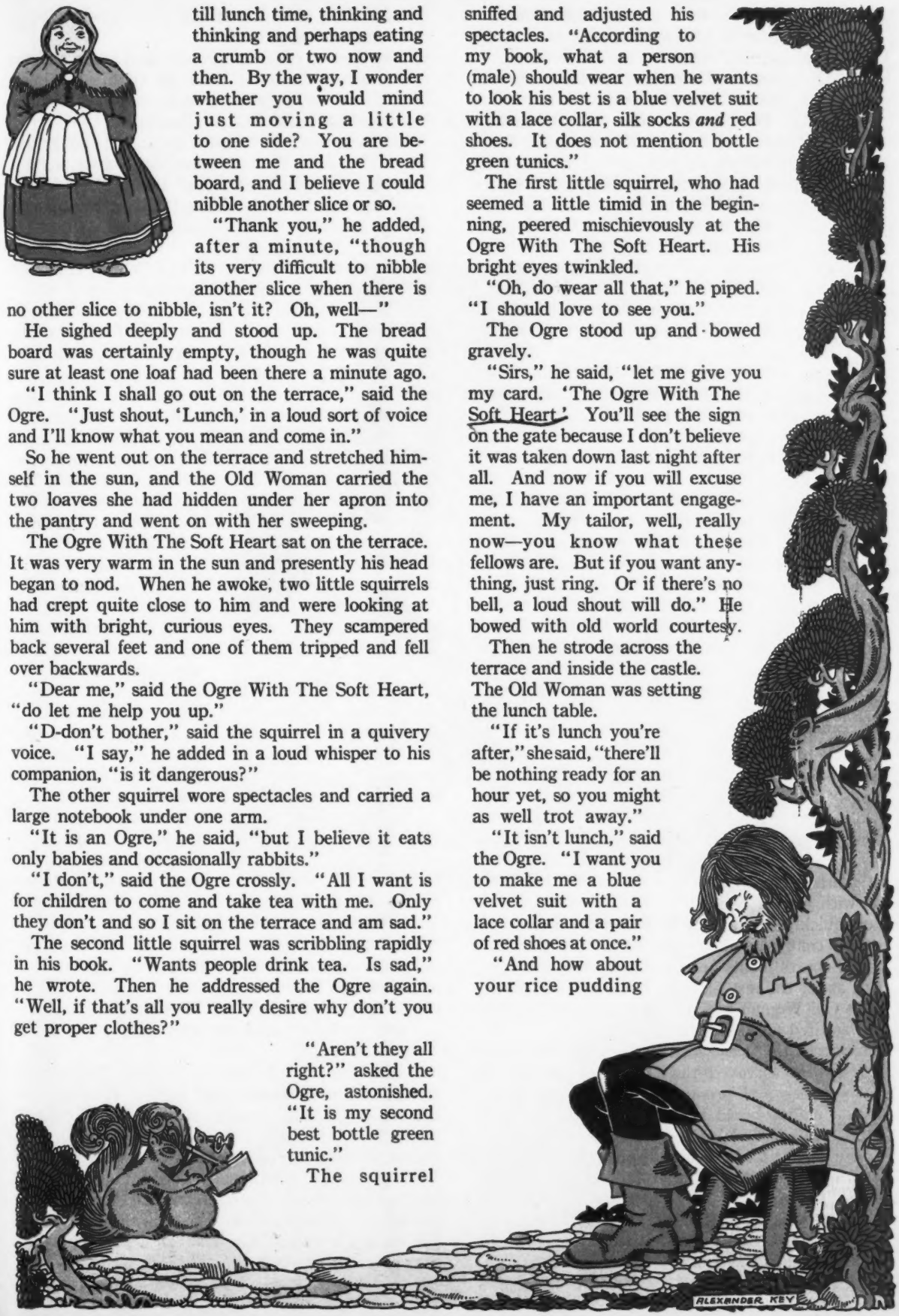
"Sirs," he said, "let me give you my card. 'The Ogre With The Soft Heart.' You'll see the sign on the gate because I don't believe it was taken down last night after all. And now if you will excuse me, I have an important engagement. My tailor, well, really now—you know what these fellows are. But if you want anything, just ring. Or if there's no bell, a loud shout will do." He bowed with old world courtesy.

Then he strode across the terrace and inside the castle. The Old Woman was setting the lunch table.

"If it's lunch you're after," she said, "there'll be nothing ready for an hour yet, so you might as well trot away."

"It isn't lunch," said the Ogre. "I want you to make me a blue velvet suit with a lace collar and a pair of red shoes at once."

"And how about your rice pudding



that's in the oven now?" said the Old Woman.

"Has it raisins in it?" asked the Ogre wistfully.

"A whole barrel," answered the Old Woman.

The Ogre swallowed manfully. "Never mind it," he said. "Make the suit."

So the Old Woman went up to the attic and she turned out trunks and emptied boxes until finally she found a roll of sky-blue velvet a mile long. Then she took two of the drawing-room curtains for the collar and she sewed and she sewed and she sewed.

"As for red shoes," said the Old Woman to herself, "I really don't know. I think I shall just paint his other pair of hob-nailed boots with the red paint that's in the barn. And he can wear his nice ribbed woolen stockings, rolled down. Socks, the idea! The very idea!"

It was well on in the afternoon before the suit was finished. The Old Woman ripped out the last bastings and carried it in to the Ogre who was sitting at the bare dining-room table, his head resting on his hands. He was very happy, because at last he knew why people had not come to tea, but he was also a little sad because of the smell that filled the dining room of burning rice pudding. However, the sight of the finished suit filled him with joy. He put it on quickly. And then he added the red boots.

"The coat is a little tight across the shoulders and, of course, boots are *not* shoes." said the Ogre. "But as for the rest—lovely!" he ended happily.

The Old Woman was not quite so sure, but then she was tired and had had no lunch.

However, the very learned squirrel was quite pleased. He surveyed the Ogre over the top of his spectacles and pronounced him much better.

"You really should have yellow hair," he said. "'Long, yellow curls', the book says. But still I suppose that can't be helped. Little Tony Merryboy is having a party this afternoon. I should go along if I were you."

"Thank you," said the Ogre, "I shall."

So he set off down the mountain and the Old Woman stood in the doorway and watched him go, calling after him instructions about using his handkerchief and not taking more than eight or nine sandwiches at a time.

The Ogre strolled on through the garden and out the gate and down the mountain path. His knees looked very large and bony under the short trousers and one woolen sock kept slipping.

Halfway down he heard a shout of laughter and saw three little boys and two little girls walking through the woods ahead of him. They looked very clean and were all dressed in their most partyish clothes.

"Hi!" shouted the Orge With The Soft Heart.

The five children turned. For an instant they stared, their eyes growing rounder and rounder. Then they fled down the mountain path, their hearts thudding against their ribs.

The Ogre With The Soft Heart did not follow them. He sat down and began to sob.

He was still weeping bitterly and making the village people get out their mackintoshes, because they thought a dreadful storm was coming up, when a Dragon who lived on a neighboring mountain top and who had just started out to do a little marketing, heard him and flew down. The Dragon was on quite friendly terms with the Ogre and used always to shout, "Good morning. Pleasant day!" or "Looks like rain," when he passed over the castle. So when he saw the Ogre so sad, he prodded him with a long claw two or three times.

"What's the matter?" said the Dragon.

"Oh, terrible!" said the Ogre sadly. "I'll tell you all about it."

"I'm quite busy," said the Dragon, "what with Saturday and marketing you know. However, go ahead, go ahead! Briefly, if you know what I mean."

So the Ogre poured out the whole story and the Dragon listened, occasionally hiding a smile behind his paw, for he was a polite Dragon.

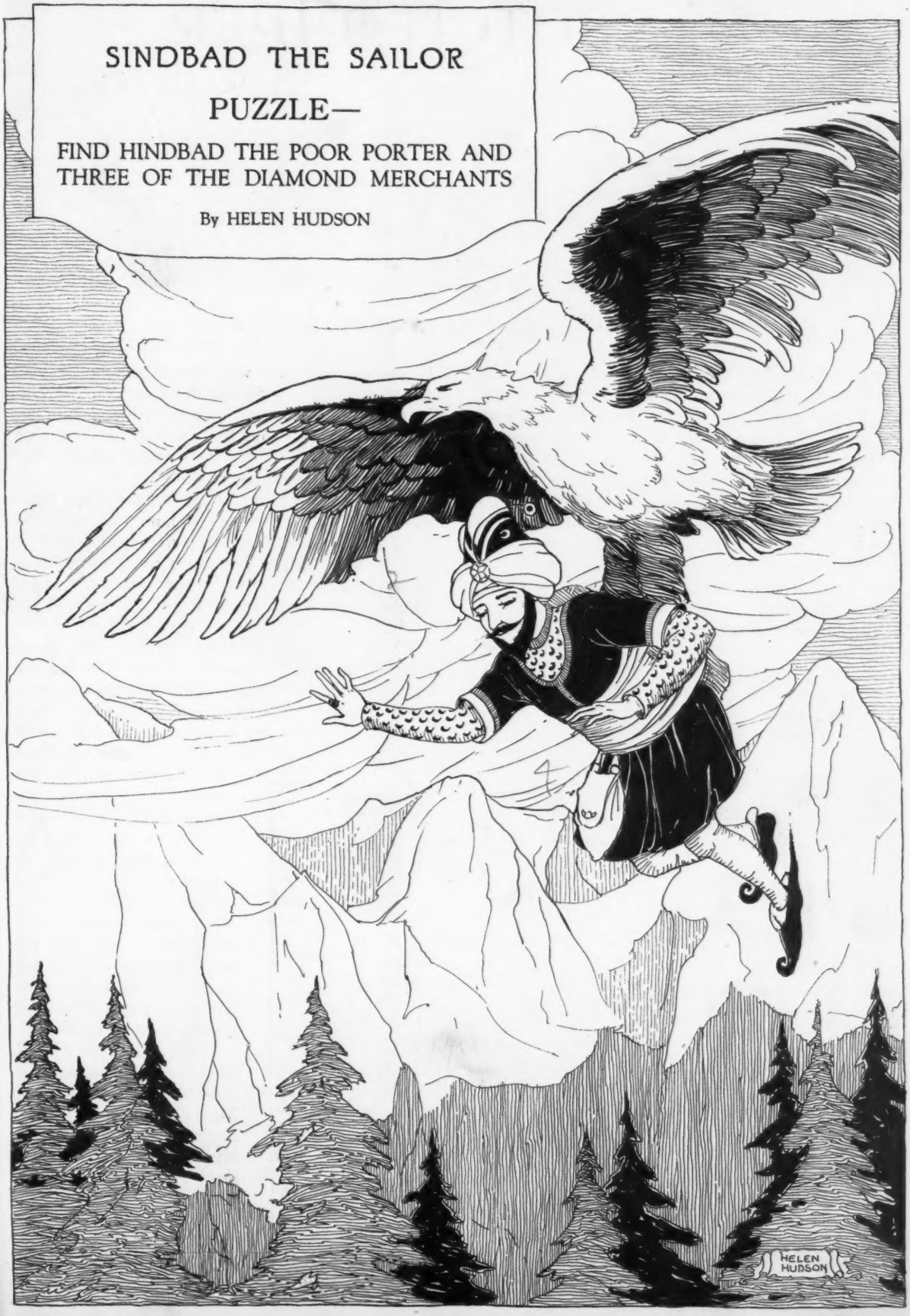
"I see," he said at last. "You want someone to have tea with you. My dear fellow, why haven't you ever told me this before? I'll come and help

[*Continued on page 386*]

SINDBAD THE SAILOR PUZZLE—

FIND HINDBAD THE POOR PORTER AND THREE OF THE DIAMOND MERCHANTS

By HELEN HUDSON



The SCOTCH PIPER

By CAROLINE MABRY

RUTH and Bill were in Scotland with Grandfather. They were standing in the park that borders Princes Street. They looked across the deep gulch where the trains slip into town, as if they were ashamed to let their black stacks mar its beauty. On the other side of the gulch, a castle stood on a high hill. The sun was shining on its windows, making them seem like glad twinkling eyes which never tired of looking at so fine a city.

"We'll have to explore the castle," Grandfather said, but his words were drowned by the merry tune of bagpipes.

The children turned to find the players, but they could see no one with bagpipes. Still the music continued.

"Where does it come from?" Ruth asked. "I can't see a piper. It sounds like magic."

"You always think there's magic in things," practical Bill answered, although he couldn't figure out the bagpipes any more than she could.

While they listened the music seemed to come from underneath them, as if it were shut up in the earth. Grandfather looked up and down the street. He looked around the garden. This was a mystery they must solve. The music had to come from somewhere. Then Bill, running ahead of the others, saw the flight of steps which led from the garden down toward the railroad gulch.

"Come on, I think I've found it," he called.

They followed him down the stairs which led to a building under the hill. The garden grew on top of it, forming its roof. The children entered a big hall. It was crowded now with people and in the very center of it stood a Scotch boy's band. The boys were no older than Bill. They wore gay kilts and black velvet caps and big shiny badges on their shoulders. Their cheeks were puffed out like balloons as they tooted the bagpipes.

Best of all was their little drummer. The drum was so big that it almost hid him. He made the drum sticks fly with such a merry motion that all eyes were turned on him. He twirled the sticks like a juggler. He tossed them into the air and caught them again, never missing a beat of the music.

When the boys stopped playing, the crowd cheered and cheered. Ruth and Bill were wedged in by a soldier, who wore no kilts but red and green plaid trousers. Bill was fascinated with those trousers. Nobody but a clown would have worn them at home, but here was a soldier standing, solemn as an owl, and looking as if there were nothing funny about him. Bill wanted to ask him if he were on dress parade, or going to a party, or if he had on his everyday clothes. But the soldier was craning his neck to see over the heads in front of him, and he didn't seem to know that Bill was there. The band began to break ranks.

Then Bill remembered the toffee in his pocket. It was extra chewy and sweet. Maybe if he offered the soldier a piece, he'd get chummy and tell about his trousers. Bill nudged him and held out a piece of toffee.

"I've got false teeth," the soldier answered, "and they cost so much I can't risk pulling them out with

toffee. But my bairn likes it, and I'll take a piece for him. Here he comes now. He's in the band."

"In the band!" Ruth cried joyfully, feeling in her coat pocket. "Here, give him a piece of my toffee, too."

As she finished speaking a boy with his bagpipe under his arm was coming toward them. His kilts were the same plaid as the soldier's trousers.

"Aye, laddie, it's grand music you've been making," his father greeted him. "Here's some toffee for your trouble."

The boy seized upon it, and his jaws were soon working harder than they had worked to play the bagpipe.

"You match your father, don't you?" Bill asked.

"The plaid, you mean?" the boy answered, sticking out his knee and letting the folds of his kilts fall over it. "Aye, we belong to the same clan, and this is our plaid."

The soldier explained then that every clan in Scotland has its own plaid, and the colors and patterns show to which clan each belongs. "We're so proud of our plaid that we must always wear a wee bit to cheer and hearten us. That's why the soldiers wear plaid trousers—so there'll be no mistake about which is their clan."

"That's the way of it, is it?" Bill asked, relieved to know the reason. And now that that mystery no longer filled his mind, he turned his attention to the bagpipes. Here was something equally fascinating.

"How do you blow that thing?" he asked the Scotch boy, gazing at it curiously from all angles.

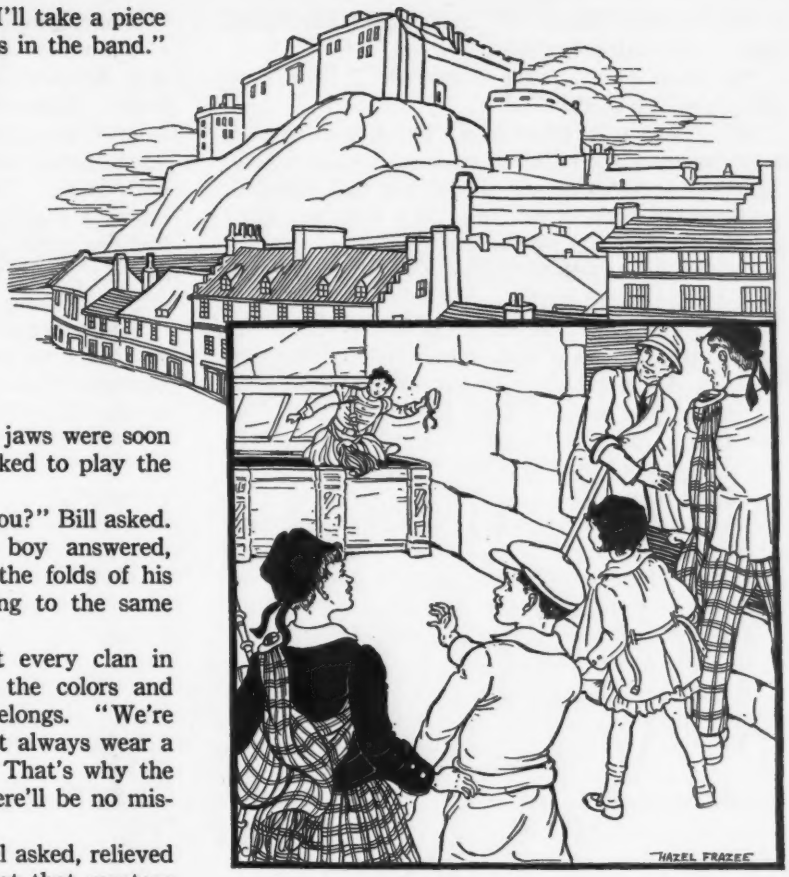
Jamie's mouth was so full of toffee that he couldn't make much of a sound on the pipes, but he did his best. Then he held the mouth piece toward Bill. Bill tried and his effort resulted in the most awful wailing squawk. Jamie laughed until his velvet cap almost fell off the back of his head.

"You'll scare the pet dogs out of their graves up at the castle," the boy's father cautioned.

"Pet dogs?" Ruth asked.

"To be sure. Haven't you seen the dog cemetery by the castle wall?" the soldier asked.

"We haven't been to the castle—that is, not yet," Bill answered eagerly.



"We'd better show it to these strangers," the soldier said, looking at Jamie. The castle was the pride of Edinburgh, and Jamie was as pleased as the Americans over the prospect of going there. He never missed a chance to set foot in it.

Jamie led the way with the children while Grandfather followed with the soldier. They crossed the bridge that leads across the valley to the opposite hill. The castle was encircled by a stone wall thrown around it like a protecting arm, and in its elbow Jamie showed Ruth and Bill the plot of ground where the soldiers had buried their pet dogs. There were flowers on some of the graves, and headstones to keep them from being forgotten. Bill thought it was a great idea.

Grandfather and the soldier were walking ahead toward the door of the castle. The children followed and climbed a winding stairs. They stopped in a big room and looked out at Edinburgh through a high window. The street from the castle circled down the hill toward another castle, where Mary Queen of Scots had lived. Across the valley the gardens of Princes Street spread their flowers like a carpet, and in the distance the hills were purple with heather.

"The likes of it can't be found in the world," Jamie bragged, although he knew little about the world, for he'd never been out of Scotland.

"It's terrible little you know about the world, lad." His father smiled.

"I dinna care," Jamie answered. "There's no place the like of this."

His boast was interrupted by a low whistle, which caused the children to turn about quickly. Neither Grandfather nor the soldier had whistled, and the children were sure they hadn't. They couldn't see anyone else in the room.

"Edinburgh's full of hidden noises," Ruth said, looking all around her.

There was very little furniture in the room, but against the opposite wall was a carved wooden chest, and the whistle seemed to come from it. The children started toward it, and then the lid flew open, and the little drummer who'd played in the band bobbed up like a jack-in-the-box, grinning for all he was worth.

"Where did you come from," Ruth cried, "and where's your drum?"

Jamie still carried his bagpipe, but there was no sign of the drum, and the boy couldn't possibly have gotten it into the chest. They were sure of that.

"I left it in the sweet shop," he said, hopping out to join the children. "I ken you'd be coming to the castle, and I slipped ahead with a notion to surprise you. And you can't say I haven't done it," he challenged, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"No, we can't," Ruth laughed. "We'll be hearing noises from the man in the moon next."

"Aye, it's been said he was a Scotchman," Jamie answered quickly. "He was put up in the sky because he did something he hadn't ought to, but he couldn't take his bagpipes with him, so I don't ken as you'll hear any music from him. But he's a Scotchman—so I've heard them say."

The children liked Jamie for all his boasting. He didn't boast on his own account but through love of his country. To him Edinburgh was the grandest place in the world, and his heart was filled with love for it and of all Scotland.

As the children left the castle, Jamie led them past courtyards which he called wynds. Their wooden stairs were broken now and their pavements were untidy, but Jamie saw them as they had been when they were the homes of fine lords and ladies.

"They swished with silks and satins," he boasted, "and rode in fine coaches."

The children had such a good time together, that Grandfather asked Jamie to come to the hotel the next day and show them the sights of his beloved town. When the time came for Ruth and Bill to leave Edinburgh, they and Jamie had become such good friends that they were sorry to part from each other. Then it was that Jamie's father suggested a plan which delighted all of them. Jamie had an uncle in Glasgow where they were going, and if the children's grandfather was willing, Jamie might go along with them, and visit his uncle.

They started by train from Edinburgh, but soon left the train to cross a lake by steamer. Jamie kept the children running from one side of the boat to the other to show them the islands, or to sight a brown castle in the distance. He knew the castle legends, and as the little steamer nosed between the green islands, Jamie looked off toward the hills with their purple heather, and told strange tales which his proud heart fancied.

When they left the steamer, they found a coach with four horses waiting to take them through the Trossach hills. It was a high open coach with bright red wheels. They had to climb a ladder to reach their seats. The coachman wore a red coat, and his son sat beside him with a long horn on which he blew a merry blast every time they rounded a corner.

The children were bouncing up and down on their high seat, and Jamie was finding something new to boast about with every bounce, when the coach jolted to such a sudden stop that Grandfather tried to catch all the children at once to keep them from falling overboard.

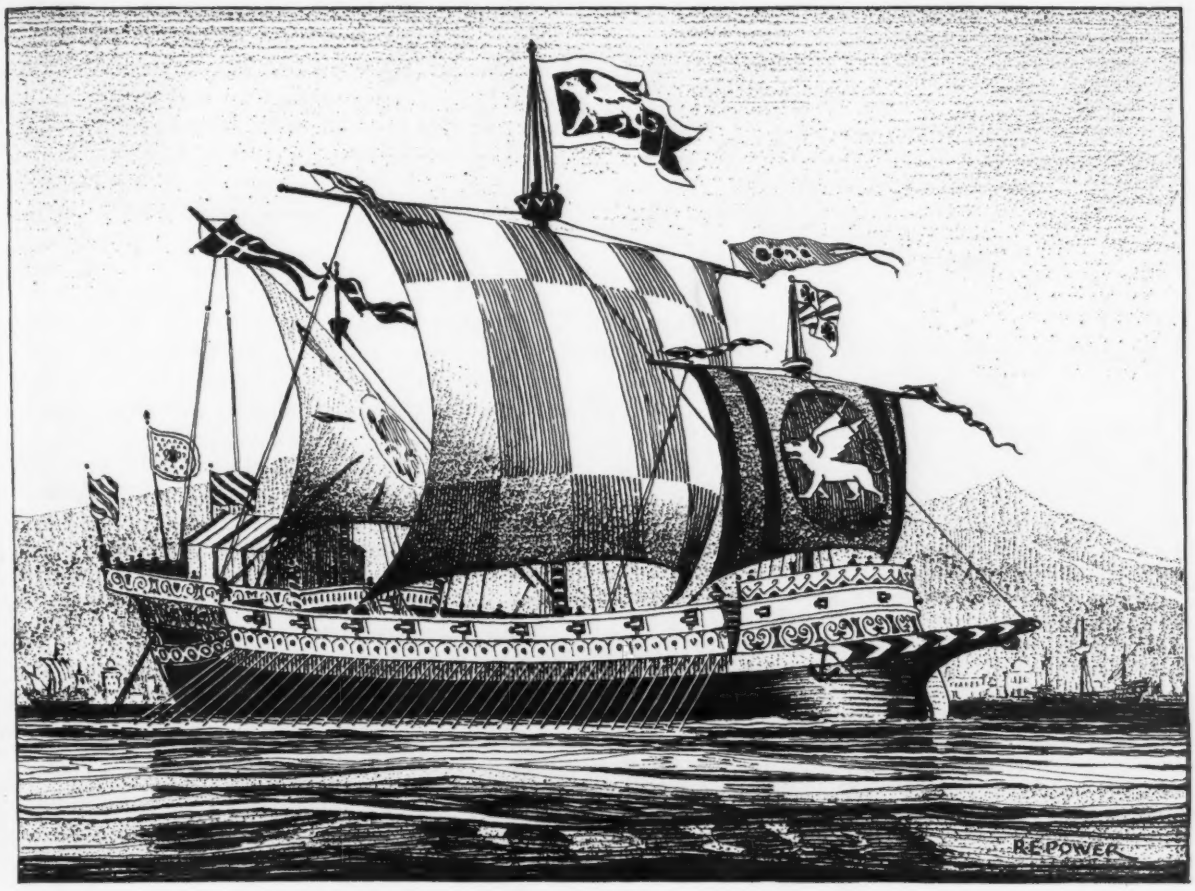
They climbed down the ladder to see what the trouble was.

"Aye, and the whiffle tree's gang bust," the coachman explained. "But it's no matter. It'll no take long to mend it."

The coach boy was already opening the door of a box built under the high seats. It was like a cupboard, and he pulled out some tools and leather straps. The children helped him, and when they had mended the whiffle tree, which was part of the coach, they put the tools back in the cupboard. Then they climbed up the ladder and the coach started again.

It drew up before a station where a train was expected to take them the rest of the way to Glas-

[Continued on page 388]



SAILING SHIPS

II. A VENETIAN GALLEY

By RALPH E. POWER

DURING a period of nearly a thousand years the Venetians flourished and carried on a trade with foreign countries. The fifteenth century saw the Republic of Venice at the height of her power and wealth and practically mistress of the Mediterranean Sea. Her fleets of ships carried cargoes of merchandise over regular trade routes to the principal ports of Africa and Spain, even passing through the Straits of Gibraltar up to the north of France and England.

The galley pictured here was the type used, having gradually increased in size so as to carry larger cargoes, and slowly improving in other ways. Ships of other countries had discarded the use of oars and added more sails. Finally the Venetians followed suit but the "Galeazze de Mercanzia," as they called their galleys, stands for such a clear-cut period in shipbuilding that it would not do to leave it out of this series of sailing ships.

Of course, the Mediterranean Sea is a small body of water compared with the Atlantic Ocean and storms there were not so severe. Ship builders of the Mediterranean countries all took these facts into consideration and the result was "galleys." They were well suited to the waters they traversed. Oars were used because, like the Vikings, the Venetians knew only how to take advantage of the wind when it was blowing the way they were going. And even then they needed oars, for the winds were mostly gentle breezes which would not help them much anyway. The mountains to the north protected them quite a bit from the howling gales that blew from that direction.

It is probable that the Venetians got a good taste of rough weather when they ventured beyond the Mediterranean and into the Atlantic, which opened their eyes to the advantages of adopting the sort of ships the Portuguese, Spaniards and other countries had. Caravels and galleons were already beginning to show themselves superior to anything previously built for ocean voyages.

This galley shows the beginning of the influence of other nations' ships in the sort of sails used,

[Continued on page 392]

THE HOUSE IN HIDDEN LANE

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of *"The Secret of Tate's Beach," "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes," "The Disappearance of Anna Shair," "A Book of Mysteries,"* etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Junior and Bettina Tanner, together with their mother, Magnolia the colored maid, and their twin cousins, Lucien and Lucile Moran (more generally known as Lucky and Lulu) go to Seabranch to spend the summer in the old house, variously called "Aunt Abigail's white elephant" or the "house in Hidden Lane," because of the narrow lane overgrown with shrubbery which leads to it. The house had been willed by Great-aunt Abigail to Mrs. Moran, Junior's Aunt Annabel, on the condition that she or some other close relative occupy it for three months out of every year for fifteen years, after which time she will be free to sell it. This is the last of the fifteen years and, although they find the old house rather gloomy, they have agreed to occupy it in order that Aunt Annabel, who is spending the summer in Europe, may not lose it. Upon arriving, all of them make interesting discoveries—among them a marvelous attic, a dark and eerie loft above Magnolia's room and a curious passageway. But it is Junior who makes the most alarming discovery, for when he goes outdoors after dark to get wood for the fireplace, he sees a dim black shape of something or someone slip around the side of the house. He watches all night from the window of his room, but the figure does not appear again.

CHAPTER II
FURTHER REVELATIONS

THE next morning brought sunshine and another letter from Cousin Annabel. Junior had walked to town after breakfast to do some errands at the general store and brought back the letter from the post office. The letter was marked from Vevey, which Mrs. Tanner explained was a place in Switzerland, where Cousin Annabel had evidently gone for the summer. Mrs. Tanner read it first to herself, then, with a curious expression, she announced,

"This letter might be of interest to you all, so I think I'll read it aloud. Better listen to it rather carefully!" And she proceeded to read it to them as they sat out on the back porch shelling some peas to help Magnolia out with dinner. Magnolia herself was busy scrubbing the woodwork in the living room and was dead to all other interests.

"Dear Elizabeth, (the letter ran)

"By this time you have probably reached the white elephant and are busy cleaning up and putting it in order for the summer. (How I always dreaded that job!) I hope Lucky and Lulu won't fall into the old well which is only boarded over, out near the back door, nor tear all their clothes to ribbons climbing the trees in the orchard. Why is it that your children always seem to keep neat and out of mischief, while mine are forever clothed in tatters and getting into all manner of scrapes? Well, anyhow, I trust all four will have a good wholesome summer and that you won't get too bored and tired in that dreary old rat trap of a white elephant! If it weren't that this is the last year and so much depends for me on fulfilling the terms of Aunt Abigail's will, I'd never be imposing on you this way.

"And, by the way, there's something about the old house that I've never told you, and that I think you

might be interested to know. It's this. Years ago, while Aunt Abigail was still alive, she told me once that, in addition to leaving me the house and land, she intended also to leave me some other things which she showed me at the time. They consisted of some very worthwhile trinkets, a fine collection of carved jade and crystal, several large Oriental rugs, a gorgeous set of Chinese ivory chessmen (quite priceless, I believe) and some other odds and ends of a similar nature. They were all curios that her father, who had been a sea captain, had brought back from the Orient in some of his many cruises. I didn't realize their value at the time and, except for the jewelry, wasn't very deeply interested in the collection. Now I know that they would all be worth many hundreds of dollars, besides being interesting relics to keep.

"But here's the point of it all. After Aunt Abigail died and I took over the house, *there wasn't a sign of them to be found!* I'm sure she hadn't parted with them because they were also mentioned in the will as coming to me. But you know she was very peculiar—didn't believe in safe-deposit boxes in banks, or even an ordinary safe in her house. She had her own curious hiding-places—that much she had admitted to me herself—where she stored her treasures, and she even told me that some day she was going to let me into the secret of it—or them! But she never quite got around to it before she died, and so I haven't the faintest idea where the things can be—if they are still in existence at all.

"Now, of course I'm anxious to sell the old place and get rid of it as soon as those fifteen years she insisted on are up. It's never been anything but a white elephant indeed on my hands, and property in that region has become very valuable these last few years. If I sell it, they'll probably pull the old house down. And if anything were found in it, there's scarcely a chance I'd ever hear of it. Every year that I've spent a week cleaning up the place, I've hunted thoroughly and systematically, but never a sign of anything did I find. This is the last time there'll be any opportunity, and I leave it to you all to do your best at treasure-hunting! And in the rare chance of the things really coming to light, I want your children and mine to share alike in any treasure-trove. It's the most I can do to thank you for all you've done for me this summer!

"Now I've done my best to enliven a boresome summer for you, and here's luck to the treasure hunt! Don't let my two imps tear the house to pieces in their efforts to locate the loot. I draw the line at that!

"Love to you all,

"Annabel."

"P. S. Is the old woman who used to work for Aunt Abigail still alive and living in the village? Her name was Mrs. Lowry. I saw her last year when I was there, but she was very old and feeble. She was a queer old thing too and for some reason, never very friendly, though she was always devoted to Aunt Abigail."

There was intense silence for a moment after Mrs. Tanner had finished. Then pandemonium broke loose. Lucky and Lulu jumped up simultaneously, upsetting the shelled peas and strewing them all over the porch. Bettina clapped her hands and shouted, "O-o-h—*a treasure!* I think I know where it is! I saw the place last night!"

Junior, on his hands and knees scrambling about to pick up the peas, alternated between whistling shrilly through his teeth (always a sign that he was excited) and calling to the twins, "Sit down, can't you! You'll bust through this veranda, jumping around like that. It isn't any too strong, anyhow!"

Then all were for flying off immediately to begin the hunt. But Mrs. Tanner called them imperatively to order, "Now, see here, children! I want you to sit down quietly and finish these peas. We've got to eat—treasure or no treasure—and it won't fly away before this job is done. And there's another thing I want you to think about before you begin your search. Remember that this house has been hunted over from top to bottom thoroughly every year for fourteen years by Cousin Annabel. And knowing her as well as I do, I am perfectly certain that the search was pretty systematic. You aren't going to find your treasure in any of the ordinary hidey-holes you see around. Therefore, I

don't want you to begin by upsetting things generally, and you must remember that Cousin Annabel doesn't want any damage done to the house. And another thing, you have all summer to do your hunting. You don't have to rush to find it just to-day, or even this week. What I advise you to do is to think and talk it all over quietly first, look over the place without disturbing anything, and get acquainted with the house. Then you can make some sort of a plan of how you're going about the thing. It might be fun for each one to work out some scheme by himself or herself first, and if that doesn't pan out, get together and plan something else. And now I guess you'll have something absorbing enough to think about all the rest of the summer!"

That afternoon, after dinner, Junior, as the oldest and most responsible of the crowd, marshaled them all into an exploring expedition and they went over the house systematically from attic to cellar.

"We discovered this place last night," asserted the twins, as they climbed the narrow stairs to the attic. "But unless it's in some of these trunks or boxes, there isn't any other place. There isn't even a closet."

Nevertheless, Junior insisted that they look the place over, and they did—peering into trunks and chests, in which nothing more vital than old clothes and carefully hoarded lengths and scraps of ancient sewing-materials were revealed, and even sounding most of the rafters, beams and what wall space there was, for concealed closets or doors. But there were none. Moreover the day had grown warm and the attic, with windows which they could not open, had become very stuffy. So they left it without regrets and descended to the next floor.

"I went over this part myself pretty thoroughly yesterday," announced Junior, "when I was opening the shutters and looking around. But we'd better give it the once-over again. Did you ever see such queer furniture? Looks as if it had come out of the ark!"

This floor was devoted to bedrooms, three of which they had occupied last night. Mrs. Tanner's was the largest and had a great four-poster bed and some odd-looking chairs, and a tremendous old bureau full of drawers, both deep and shallow.

"I've heard that these old bureaus often have a secret drawer," remarked Junior, "but I suppose Cousin Annabel would have found it if there'd been one. I'm going to look it over myself when we have more time, but we won't try it now."

"There's another one in our room, too. Isn't there, Bettina?" piped up Lulu.

And Lucky echoed, "That's nothing! Junior and I've got a big old writing desk with a glass top to it, in ours. It has a lot of books in the top and I went all over 'em last night looking for pirate stories, but they were all 'memoirs' or something—whatever those are!"

They soon found that the bedrooms yielded nothing very helpful. And, having delved into the deep closets and sounded the walls for concealed hiding spots, they descended to the ground floor. Here, however, Magnolia and Mrs. Tanner reigned with brooms, pails and mops, and would have none of them, so, at Bettina's suggestion, they plunged into the cellar, where she declared that a marvelous tunnel was the most likely hiding place in the world.

But the "tunnel" proved to be only a rather odd passageway around behind the foundation of the great chimney. And careful examination with the strongest electric torch revealed no sign of an opening in the heavy stone masonry. The cellar was not large, as it did not extend under the whole of the house, and offered nothing more interesting than dust and cobwebs and old garden implements.

"There's only one other place," suggested Lulu. "I saw it last night while Magnolia was getting supper. It's over her room above the kitchen. It's got a funny little stair leading to it. Let's look there!"

The kitchen was in an addition or "L" that joined the main part of the house at right angles, and was a little lower in height. The kitchen and pantries occupied the main floor and a little, steep winding stair ascended to Magnolia's room. But over that, as Magnolia herself had also discovered the night before, the stair went on to a low loft with a tiny window at one end. The loft was so low in ceiling that even Bettina could not stand upright in it. And beyond a few old boxes and piles of newspapers, it was empty. [*Continued on page 393*]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

Jed, the new boy, tried to run everything. Even Chip objected after he'd hurt his tail and his feelings.

Dick said, "I'll fix him!" and smiling to himself he sat down by the creek to fish.

Just then Jed appeared and snatched the fishing rod away from the smaller boy—just like that.

Then he gave the line a jerk and up came a muddy rubber boot to hit *him* on the nose.

While Chip and his chums had box seats for *that* show!

Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR
Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review

PROBABLY such things never happen nowadays. They didn't happen so very often even when I was a little girl. But once I do remember having a dress made out of an older person's. It was white silk with brick colored stripes, and I wore it to a party, and felt so proud of its being made out of my auntie's old one that I had to tell everybody.

Well, that's the sort of book ***A Junior Anthology of World Poetry*** is. (Albert and Charles Boni.) For grown people it was bigger and didn't have "junior" in the title. But it still takes you around the world, from China, Japan, India, Arabia, and Persia, through the countries of Europe, and back to England and America, by way of the poets of each country. The poems from foreign countries are, of course, translated into English, but each time a translation has been chosen that makes a beautiful English poem too.

From *Circus Babies.* (Rand McNally & Co.

If you like to read poetry, you probably like to write it sometimes. And probably a good many of the thoughts that you don't bother to write down are things that grown people might consider poetry. In fact, sometimes older people listen to what children say, and than make it into poems themselves.

You will know what I mean if you read ***Out of the Everywhere*** by Winifred Howard (Oxford University Press). These poems give glimpses of the world as it would look to a child in England, and of the imaginings he might have about it. ***Around a Toadstool Table*** by Rowena Bastin Bennett (Thomas S. Rockwell Company) follows the year around from Easter rabbit to St. Valentine for an American child, seeing rainbows and zeppelins and other things through an American child's eyes, and trying to put his or her imaginings to them.

From *The Hums of Pooh.* (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

And either one of these books, however much you may like it, will undoubtedly make you say, "Why, I have had hundreds of poem ideas myself that were better than any that these two grown-up ladies have had for me."

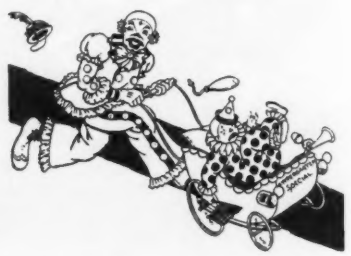
Do you have a favorite poet? And is he living and writing to-day? Is he perhaps Walter de la Mare? Or Carl Sandburg? Or maybe Rudyard Kipling, whose prose books "Just So Stories," and "Puck of Pook's Hill," and "The Jungle Books" you have probably taken down from the shelf many times?

From *Around a Toadstool Table.* (Thomas. S. Rockwell Co.)

If so, you will find out quite a lot about his childhood—and the rest of his life—and what specially to look for in his poems from Rica Brenner's ***Ten Modern Poets*** (Harcourt, Brace, and Company), which is a book of biography and criticism written especially for young people. The other seven poets in this book are Robert Frost, A. E. Housman, Amy Lowell, John Masefield, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Alfred Noyes, and Edwin Arlington Robinson.

WITH MUSIC

THE HUMS OF POOH: LYRICS BY POOH; Music by H. Fraser-Simson; introduction and notes by A. A. Milne; decorations by E. H. Shepard; additional lyric by Eeyore.....$2.50
(E. P. Dutton and Company.)



From *Circus Babies.* (Rand McNally & Co.

If you had a radio and knew just where and when to tune in, you perhaps heard some of these songs from the Air Castle last winter. If not, all you will have to do now is to get some older person to play them for you. And nice as Pooh's hums were, just to hum, it is certainly nicer to know the real tunes. The Eeyore hum is the one that he wrote, at the end of "The House at Pooh Corner," when Christopher Robin was going away to school, as English boys do, when they get to be eight or so. And the number of rhymes that Eeyore had to leave empty will give you by comparison an even better idea than you had before of Pooh as a hum-maker.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER BUBBLE BOOK: Singing: The North Wind Doth Blow; The Sandman; Old Lullaby; The

[*Continued on page 381*]

SANDWICHES

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help" "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

"LET'S make sandwiches!" That's a sentence someone is sure to say if there is a party or picnic a-foot, for good sandwiches are always welcome. So we've decided that for this vacation month when picnics are popular, we are going to learn as much as we can about the art of sandwich making. It really is an art for, as we all know, there are sandwiches and sandwiches; the really successful ones are pretty to see as well as good to eat. The sandwich-maker must take pains in small things and must work tidily, so that nothing mars the perfection of the final product.

There are a few points about sandwiches that we speak of before we take any recipes because these certain points are every bit as important as the fillings. First, the bread we use must be of a fine, even texture. Have you ever tried to make a nice sandwich out of bread that was full of great holes? Yes? Then you know that it can't be done. The bread must be of fine grain and more than twenty-four hours old, so that it will slice and spread without tearing. We can use white bread, wholewheat bread or nut, raisin or brown bread. But no matter what sort we choose, it must have been baked the day before if we want our sandwiches to look nice.

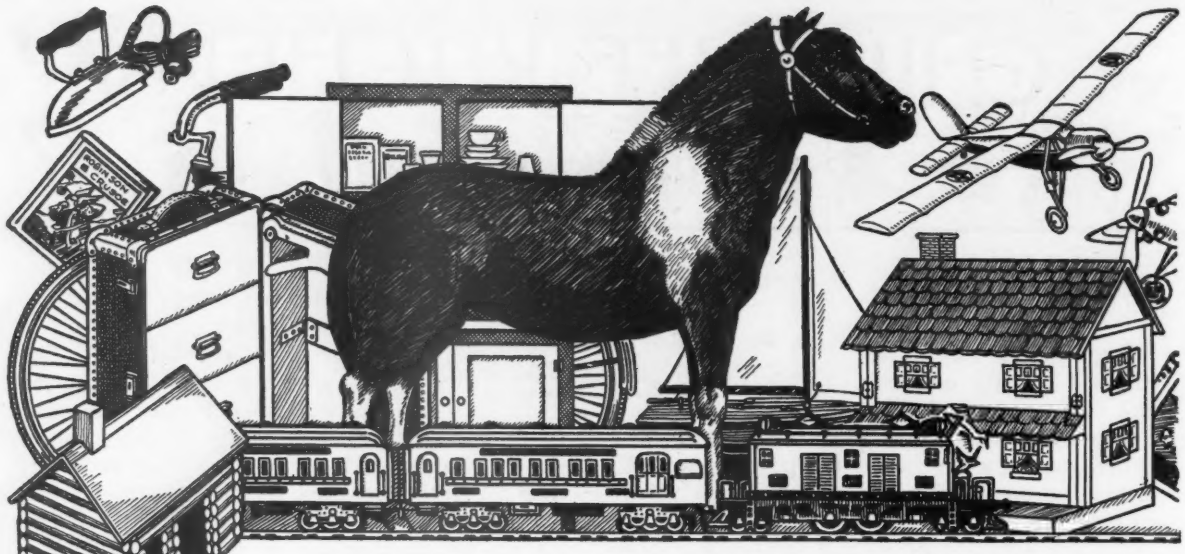
The butter must spread easily. We take it from the refrigerator an hour ahead of using, if possible, so that it isn't hard as a rock. For making a few sandwiches, put ¼ cupful of butter into a small bowl and with the blade of a silver knife mash it and work it till it is soft and will spread easily. For a larger number of sandwiches, soften more butter. Some cooks like to spread the butter onto the loaf before cutting each slice. Just turn up the loaf, spread the end slice (after removing the crust, of course) cut off that slice, spread another and cut that and so on. But we rather think that that method, while good enough, is slower. So we work the butter into a soft paste, then cut all the bread and do all the buttering. Try both methods, if you like, and see which one pleases you the better. Ask Mother her favorite way.

Sandwiches for a party should have the crusts removed, but for a picnic we leave them on (unless they are very hard or brown) because we like crusts.

Sandwiches may be served as soon as made, or they may be packed so that they can be made ahead of serving time. If you will use the sandwiches at home, but wish to make them early, wring a clean towel out of clear cold water and spread it over a cookie pan. Cover it with a dry towel and then with a layer of paraffin paper. Make the sandwiches and arrange them neatly on the paper, making piles of each kind. By stacking carefully you can put six or eight sandwiches in a pile. When you have made all you need (or you have a panful) put a covering of paraffin paper over the top of the piles, place a dry towel over that and finally a damp one, tucking it carefully at the corners, so that air doesn't get inside. Put in a cool place till ready for serving. Sandwiches packed this way will keep several hours and be fresh as when first made. Picnic sandwiches should be wrapped in paraffin paper (separately or in pairs) as soon as made and then packed in a covered box for carrying. Use whole slices of bread and then cut in two, straightly or angle-wise.

Make the fillings in small bowls, so you can have several kinds on the table

[Continued on page 394]



HERE ARE 150 PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—A REAL LIVE SHETLAND PONY

For the Best Answer From a Boy or Girl

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Girls Will be Awarded in the Following Order

A $75 Add-a-pearl Necklace consisting of 27 genuine oriental pearls.
Iver Johnson Girls' Roadster Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
A Schoenhut Furnished 4-room Doll House.
Eastman Folding Kodak No. 1A, series II.
Doll's Wardrobe Trunk.
Empire Electric Stove and Oven with Utensils.
Playroom Kitchen Cabinet.
Lincoln Marionette Show with 3 marionettes and material for 3 more.
Singer Sewing Machine for making doll clothes.

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Boys Will be Awarded in the Following Order

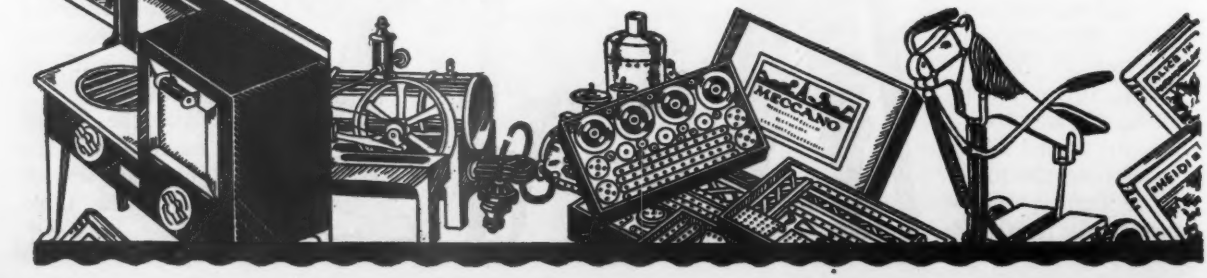
American Flyer's President's Special electric train set and transformer.
Iver Johnson Super Mobike Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
Meccano Set No. 40 with motor.
Silver Ace Flying Model of Curtis Robin Plane.
Weeden Electrically Heated Steam Engine.
Chest of 14 Stanley Tools.
30 inch Schoenhut Sail Boat "Saturne."
Silver Ace Flying Model Pursuit Plane.
Knapp Master Magic Set No. 3.

And The Following Prizes For Either Boys or Girls

20th and 21st Prizes—Each a Merri-O-Galloper.
22nd to 25th Prizes—Each a pair of Nestor Johnson Jr. Ice Skates with shoes.
26th to 35th Prizes—Each a Scott's Modern Stamp Album and 2000 stamps.
36th Prize—A Kingsbury Golden Arrow Racer.
37th to 45th Prizes—Each a pair of Chicago Rubber Tire Roller Skates.
46th to 55th Prizes—Each a Knapp Electric Questioner.
56th to 65th Prizes—Each a Triple Set of Lincoln Logs.
66th to 75th Prizes—Each a Pair of Kangaroo Springshus.
76th to 80th Prizes—Each a Falcon Playtown Set.
81st to 100th Prizes—Each a Kokomo Electric Flat Iron if a girl or a Structo Giant Steam Shovel if a boy.
101st to 125th Prizes—Each a copy of "Heidi" if a girl or "King Arthur" if a boy.
126th to 150th Prizes—Each a copy of the "Child Life Cook Book" if a girl or "Making Things with Tools" if a boy.

A Surprise Package For Every One

Besides all these 150 prizes Child Life will send to every boy or girl who sends in a complete entry a surprise package.



FINISH THIS CONTEST! WIN A PRIZE!

Make pictures out of these puzzles now!

ANY boy or girl, whether a subscriber to Child Life or not, who will not reach his or her thirteenth birthday by September 5th, 1930, may enter this contest, except children of Rand McNally & Company employees.

Cut out the three pictures at the top of the page and cut them apart along the dotted lines. Paste them together to make three complete pictures so that each one will look like some one of the small pictures on this page. Put the right name on each large picture, such as "Robin Hood," etc.

Put these three pictures with the three pictures from the May Child Life, the three from June, and the three from July—twelve (12) pictures in all. Then write a short letter telling what hero or heroine you like best in any book. The character need not be one whose picture is in the contest.

Send the four sets of these pictures together with the letter to Prize Editor, % Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, to arrive before midnight September 5th, 1930. Be sure your age, name and address are with the pictures. You may use the printed label on the bottom of page 384.

If you wish you may mount the pictures on one sheet, make a book, or fix them up anyway you wish just so the twelve pictures will be together.

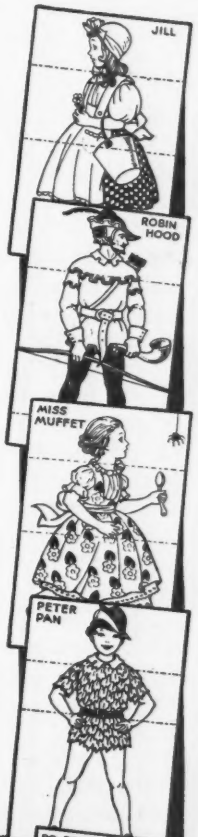
To every boy or girl, who has not reached his or her thirteenth birthday, from whom we receive a complete entry (the 12 pictures and the letter), Child Life will send a surprise package. Your entry may also win one of the 150 Grand Prizes listed on the opposite page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Originality in the letter will count. The judges will be appointed by Child Life. Their decision will be final. The list of prize winners will be announced in the November, 1930, Child Life.

No pictures or letters will be returned. Rand McNally & Company shall have the right to publish in any form any of the entries either in whole or in part at any time it shall desire to do so.

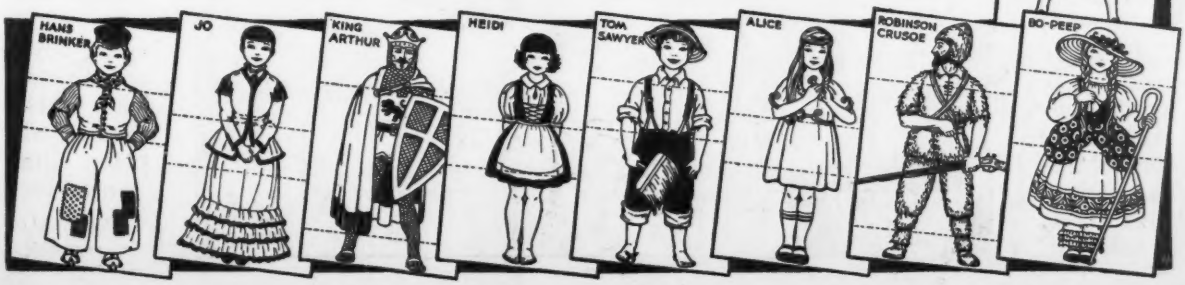
You need not purchase Child Life or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures at the top of this page and assemble the pictures from these copies. Child Life may be examined free of charge at any office of Rand McNally & Company or at public libraries.

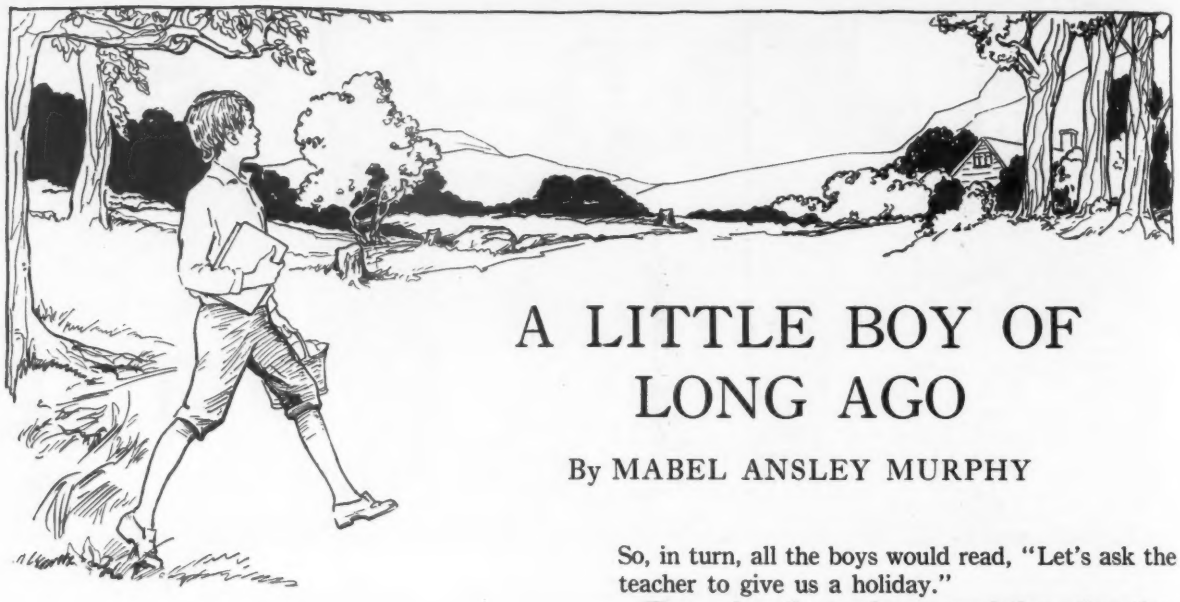
THERE IS NOTHING TO SELL



REMEMBER

The four sets (12 pictures) with your letter must arrive together before midnight September 5, 1930, to earn a surprise package and to be entered for one of the Grand Prizes. Be sure your name, address, and age are with the pictures. There is a label on the bottom of page 384 which you may put on your package.





A LITTLE BOY OF LONG AGO

By MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy. Only his father and mother thought him pretty. He was too tall for his age. His hair was red. His face was long and thin and covered with freckles. He had a big mouth, big hands and feet and a long, straight nose. The truth is he was an ugly duckling and no one—except his father and mother—ever dreamed that, just as the ugly duckling grew to be a beautiful swan, so this little boy would grow to be a handsome man.

He was a shy little boy. In those days little boys in school had no holidays and no vacations. Sometimes they grew very tired of study. It was hard to keep looking at a book, when outside the sun shone bright and warm and through the open windows came the smell of green things growing. It was so hard that often a boy would write on a bit of paper, "Let's ask the teacher to give us a holiday."

He would pass this note to the boy sitting beside him and that boy would pass it on to the next. So, in turn, all the boys would read, "Let's ask the teacher to give us a holiday."

Then, when the teacher excused them that they might eat lunch, the boys would put their heads together and say to one another, "You ask! You ask!"

But never would this shy little boy ask. And if some other boy did ask and the teacher said, "Yes, you may have a holiday," this boy did not rush off at once. No, indeed! He always sat down and got his lesson for the next day before he ran out with the other boys. But when he did go out, how he did play! His long legs helped him to run faster than the others, and his big hands and feet could climb to the top of a tree before the other boys could get beyond the middle branches. He could throw a ball farther than any other boy in school, he could swim faster, and he could scramble more quickly up the mountain behind the school.

Every Saturday at noon he went home to spend Sunday with his father and mother and sisters. They all loved this little boy—then the only one in the family. His oldest sister, Jane, loved

[Continued on page 395]

"Vanilla!" "Chocolate!" "Strawberry!"

what wonderful Ice Cream *a nickel buys!*

THERE ARE *few desserts as nourishing and as easily digested as ice cream. Think how often doctors recommend it in the diet.*

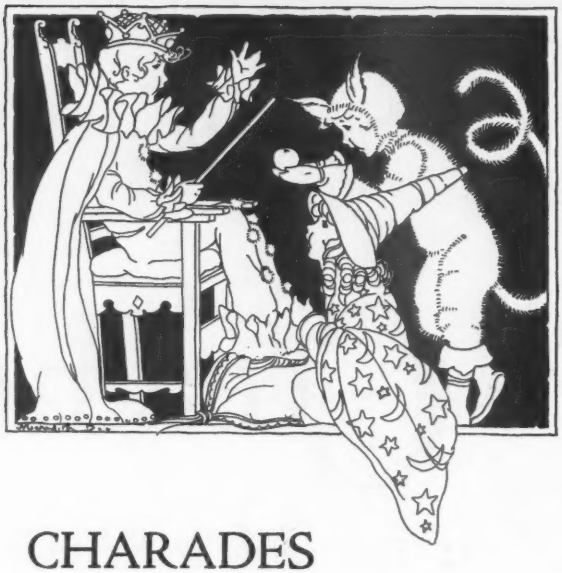
THERE'S ALWAYS a place to buy delicious, wholesome ice cream. For a nickel you get your favorite flavor in a cone or neat paper packet. Or you can buy just what you want in a sanitary box to take home.

There are few desserts as nourishing as ice cream. Just think how often doctors recommend it for their patients. Such endorsement by the medical profession is proof of its ease of digestibility and wholesome purity.

For variation on hot days, give the children ice cream between meals. Or, better still, top off their lunch or supper with this cooling goodness.

In meal planning, there is a place for sugar—whether it appears in a wholesome dessert or used to flavor essential foods. A dash of sugar to a pinch of salt is a dietetically correct way to make vegetables more appetizing. Try this in cooking peas, carrots, string beans and other vegetables. Most foods are more delicious with sugar. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York.

"A bit of sweet makes the meal complete"



CHARADES

By HAZEL BORING

CHARADES are jolly at any time but especially interesting during the vacation. Costumes help much in acting out the words and the clowns that are always present can make the scenes very comical.

A lively game for a vacation party is "Homonym Charades." Homonyms are words that have the same sound, but differ in meaning, as, for example, *blew* and *blue*.

For "Homonym Charades" the hostess selects two leaders. These leaders choose members for their sides, turn and turn about.

When the sides have been chosen, the leaders draw straws to see who is to act a pair of words first. The leader who draws the shortest straw takes his team into another room, which is "home." Here they choose a pair of homonyms and decide how they are to be acted out.

When everything is ready, the leader takes his side into the other room. There those who have been chosen act out the pair of words. The other side must not only guess the words but spell them as well, to show that they know exactly what words have been acted out. The minute the pair of words has been guessed and spelled, the acting side runs toward "home," and the guessing team may catch any members it can for its own side.

Now the guessing side becomes the acting side and acts out a pair of words. Whenever a side fails to guess a pair of words and has to give up, the other side may act again.

You may act as many vacation charades as you wish. The winning side is the one with the most members at the close of the game.

Here are some homonyms for charades and a few suggestions of ways in which they may be acted out:

Sow and *sew*. In the first scene a boy dressed as a farmer enters and pretends to be sowing. In the second scene a girl comes in, sits in a chair and sews.

Rain and *reign*. To act out *rain*, several players enter, carrying umbrellas over their heads. For *reign*, a king sits on a throne and issues commands. Any boy wearing a rather gorgeous costume and a paper crown on his head may take the part of the king.

Feet and *feat*. In the first scene several players hold a sheet in front of them, allowing only their feet to be seen. In the second scene a clown performs some feat with a great deal of effort. He may lift a box marked "1000 lbs." and hold it over his head or he may lift some child who is dressed as a very fat boy.

Bell and *belle*. A bell rings, and then in walks a pretty girl in a pretty old-fashioned costume and makes a curtsy.

Stair and *stare*. To act out *stair*, several players pretend to be walking upstairs. To act out *stare*, the players sit on the floor and stare with all their might at the guessing side.

Rode and *rowed*. In the first scene a clown rides a hobby-horse, a chair, or a broomstick. In the second, a number of the actors sit in single file on the floor and pretend to be rowing a boat.

Grown and *groan*. To act out *grown*, a tall player and a short one enter. The short one says to the tall one, "My, but you're much taller than you were last year." To act out the second word, several players sit on the floor and groan.

Knows, *no's* and *nose*. To act out *knows*, a clown asks another player some questions which he answers promptly and correctly. To act out the second word, a teacher comes in with several pupils and, at everything she suggests, they all cry, "No." For the third word one of the players holds in front of his face a cloth with a hole in the middle, through which he puts his nose, so that no other part of his face is visible.

There are many other pairs of words that may be acted out at a vacation party. Some of them are: *Ball* and *bawl; soar* and *sore; fair* and *fare; flea* and *flee; hoarse* and *horse; knew* and *new; ring* and *wring; rap* and *wrap;* and *knead* and *need*.

You will think of many other pairs of words yourself and ways of acting them out.

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 374*]

Child's Garden of Verses Bubble Book; Singing: Bed in Summer, The Swing, My Bed is a Boat; The Higgledy Piggledy Bubble Book; Singing: The Dairyman, The Little Old Woman, The Old Man Who Lived in a Wood; The Robin and Wren Bubble Book; Singing: Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, Who Killed Cock Robin?; The Death of Jenny Wren; Stories by Ralph Mayhew and Burgess Johnson. Pictures by Rhoda Chase. Records by Columbia Phonograph Company; per volume;.....$1.00
(Dodd, Mead and Company)

You have perhaps already had the first two of these books—where tiny records, which you can play either on the big phonograph or on your own little one, put tunes to words which are given in the book itself—but the last two are brand new.

RHYME TIME FOR CHILDREN, by Emilie Poulsson. Illustrated by W. M. Berger.....$2.00
(Lothrop Lee and Shepard Company)

These are not poems but just everyday things put into rhyme to make them seem funnier and easier to remember. There are finger plays for baby, and rhymes to help his porridge and milk to go down, rhymes too about things indoors and out for yourselves—one, for instance, about the funny places the donkey's tail is likely to get pinned in that blindfold game. Seven of the rhymes have music to go with them, tune and accompaniment.

SINGING TIME: Songs for Nursery and School, by Satis N. Coleman and Alice G. Thorn. With decorations by Ruth Hambidge.....$2.50
(John Day Company)

These are songs which some kindergarten and nursery school children in New York themselves helped to make: very little songs about rain and snow, birds and bunnies, boats and trains, birthdays and Halloween and Christmas, cows and Indians, and about baking apples and gingerbread boys, and eating them when they are done.

THIS WAY AND THAT: A Book of Singing Games, compiled and illustrated by Edna Potter.....$3.00
(Oxford University Press.)

A long time ago somebody gave me a book of French game-songs all pictured out in color. I still look at it quite often. But this happens to be the first time that I have seen just such a book of the English singing games, games that you play in kindergarten and at parties—things like the Mulberry Bush, London Bridge, Little Sally Water, the Muffin Man, Oats, Peas, Beans, and Looby Loo—twenty-four of them in all, complete with the music, all the verses, directions for playing, and a full page color picture opposite each one.

[*Continued on page 385*]

A TREAT - -

for summer appetites

Wheatena

served cold with fruit

RECIPE

Use a DEEP saucepan. To 7 cups of actively boiling water . . a racing, foaming boil . . add 1 teaspoonful of salt. Shake into this . . SO SLOWLY THAT BOILING NEVER STOPS . . one cup of Wheatena. Let boil 2 or more minutes. Pour into small moulds previously dipped in water. Chill thoroughly. Cover with bananas, fresh peaches or other fruits, and serve with milk or cream.

If served as a HOT cereal . . use 6 cups of water to 1 of Wheatena.

Wheatena is the delicious, sun-browned cereal made from the entire wheat kernel . . from wheat ripened in sun-drenched fields . . browned by the same natural rays that turn your skin to healthy tan.

A great *natural* food . . rich in the precious minerals and vitamins . . packed full of the body-building, health-promoting materials so absolutely essential in your diet.

Start your entire family on this wonderful cereal at breakfast tomorrow. Serve it hot—or serve it cold with fruit. It's *quick-cooking*—and costs you less than 1 cent a dish.

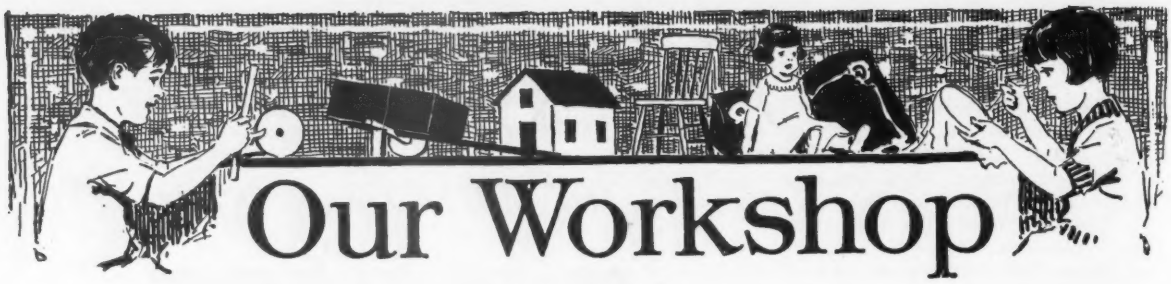
3 DELICIOUS SERVINGS FREE

We want you to taste the delicious nut-like flavor of this sun-browned wheat cereal—Wheatena. Please check and mail the coupon below, and we'll send you, by return mail, enough for three generous servings.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ CL-8-30

The Wheatena Corporation
Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "Making Things With Tools," "Big Book of Boys' Hobbies," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," etc.

BUILD A MODEL AIRPORT IN YOUR BACK YARD

AIRPORTS are not alike in size and equipment, so you may make your own plan for your back-yard model. The diagram in Figure 1 suggests a layout. Notice that the equipment is lettered, and that a key to the letters is printed below the diagram. You can select your equipment from the ideas presented upon this page, from the ideas upon last August's page, and from the ideas that you have gathered from visits to airports, or from pictures of airports.

A string of Christmas tree lights makes excellent border lights for the model landing field. Cut sticks like that shown in Figure 2, for posts, and fasten the lamp cord to the sides with double-pointed tacks. Use only red lamps for border lights, if you can get enough. Push the stick ends into the ground, around the sides of the field. Of course, you will not play with your model airport after dark, but it will be fun to illuminate it for Father and Mother and visiting friends to see. Remove the lighting equipment at night, to keep it dry.

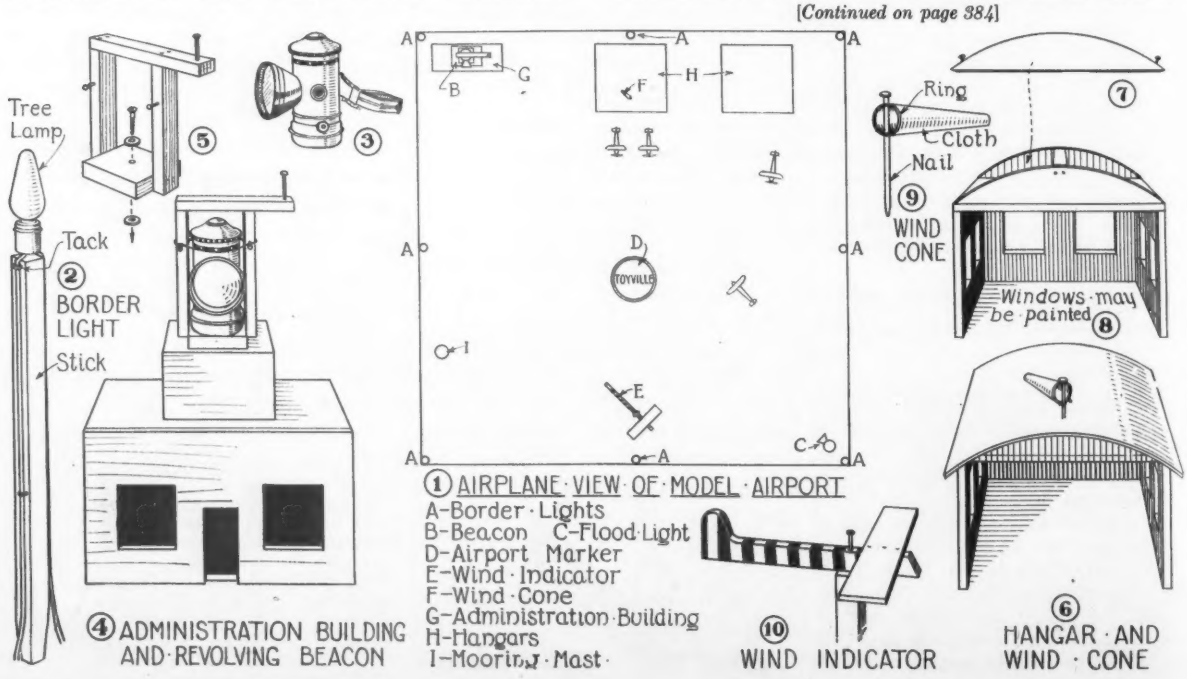
A revolving beacon may be made of a bicycle lamp (Figure 3). Figure 4 shows a homemade beacon mounted upon the roof of the model administration building. A frame like that in Figure 5 is necessary. Cut the base block a little larger than the lamp bottom. Cut the two uprights long enough to accommodate the height of the lamp, and nail them to the base block. Cut the top strip long enough to project 2 inches over one upright, and nail it to the uprights. Drive a nail into the top strip for a crank handle. Bore a hole through the base block for a screw pivot. Screw the base block to the top of a box. Fasten the bicycle lamp in its frame with wire. Attach the wire ends to small nails driven into the frame uprights.

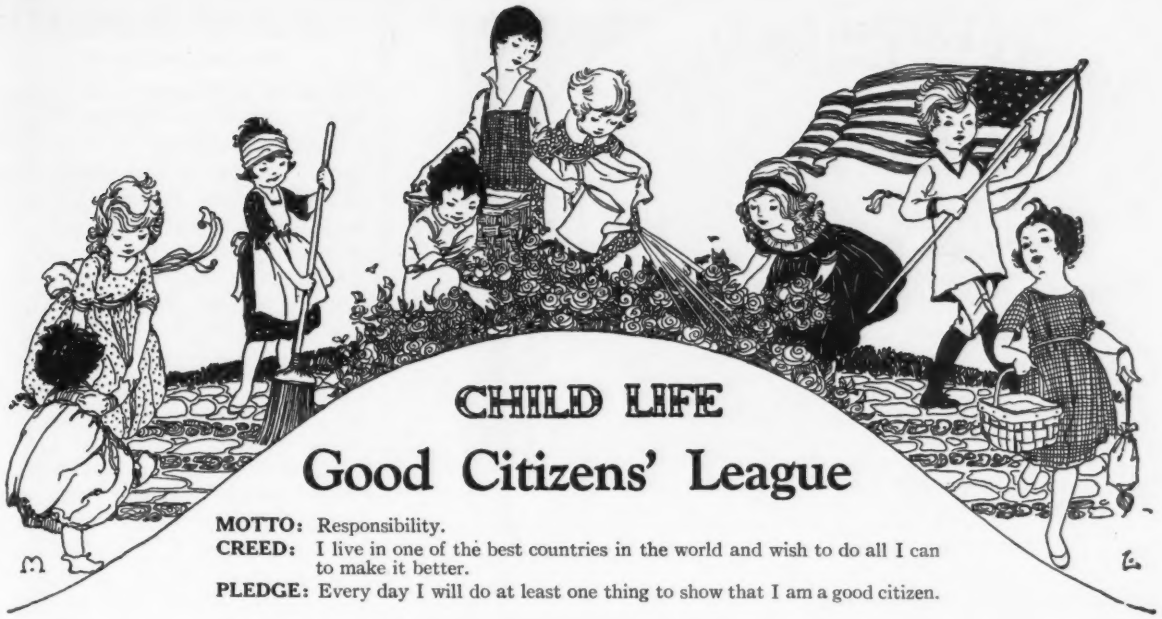
A bicycle lamp, an oil lantern, or an electric flash light may be placed at one corner of the field for a flood light (C, Figure 1).

Make airport buildings of grocery boxes or cardboard cartons. Figure 4 shows an administration building made of a wooden box. Door and window openings have been cut, but they may be painted to save the work of cutting.

Figure 6 shows a hangar. One side of a box has been removed, for the front. Two curved boards

[Continued on page 384]





CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

CAMPING

THE Brocton Good Citizens' League had gone camping. The members declared there wasn't going to be any homesickness, but Miss Bradley wasn't going to run any risks. She planned a very jolly first evening and everyone was kept so busy every instant that there was no time to think of home. The club was divided into two teams, with Helen and Russell as the captains, and each side had to give a stunt for the entertainment of the others. After that they played charades, and then they sat around the camp fire singing songs and telling stories.

"I like the idea of having teams," said Harvey. "Let's have contests in everything, and then just before we leave for home, Miss Bradley can decide which side has won."

"Oh, that will be fun," said Alice. "But then—everything is fun about camping—even the work."

"Well, one can't go camping without some work," said Miss Bradley, "but work is fun, just as play is. Each morning after our dip, we'll have breakfast and then put the cottage and the sleeping tents in order. There will be a merit mark for every member who helps with breakfast, brings water or helps to wash the dishes afterwards. Then a merit mark will be credited to every member who makes his own cot and another will be given when he helps with the other work afterwards. In fact, there will be a merit mark for every task well done, and when we leave we'll count up and see which team has won the largest number. The losing side must furnish the entertainment for the other team the last night we are in camp."

It turned out to be a month of contests, for the members began keeping lists of the birds they saw and could identify, of the trees that they could name and of the different species of wild flowers that they found. Every day they swam, improving their old strokes and learning new ones, and on the last morning they had an aquatic tournament. When Miss Bradley tried to figure out which team was ahead, she found the decision a hard one.

"Helen's team wins more merit marks for doing the work of the camp, and their lists of trees and flowers are longer. On the other hand Russell's side observed many more birds, and now this morning they won the swimming tournament."

"Aw, let the others win," said Russell. "We've thought up a dandy stunt we want to give anyway."

"So have we," said Helen. "Call

[*Continued on page 397*]

Honor Points

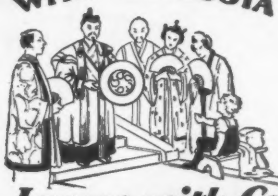
An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your August list in time to reach our office by September 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for August.

1. I helped pitch a tent.
2. I did my share of the camp (or picnic) work.
3. I helped prepare a camp (or picnic) meal.
4. I was careful to obey the grown-up in charge of the camp or picnic.
5. I learned a new swimming stroke.
6. I helped row a boat.
7. I dug my own bait for fishing.
8. I told a story or helped give a stunt around the camp fire.
9. I tracked an animal in order to study its habits.
10. I made a list of the birds I saw and recognized while on an outing.
11. I made a list of the trees I saw and could name while on an outing.
12. I learned to recognize several new plants.

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD WITH CERESOTA



Go to Japan with Ceresota

CERESOTA got there in his magic boots without taking a single step, and there he saw the Mikado dressed in gorgeous Japanese clothes. Ceresota gave him a loaf of Bread made with Ceresota Flour, the Prize Bread Flour of the World, and the Mikado was so pleased that he—But you must get the book that tells all the marvelous adventures of Ceresota, and read about them for yourself. It's just full of colored pictures, and it tells you how to paint them for yourself with a real set of water colors that comes with the book. Send for them today.

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL

Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" (48 pages, 12 colored pictures, 12 painting charts) and the set of Japanese water colors.

Name.....CL 8

Town.....

R. F. D.....State.....

Ceresota Flour

A Handy Label for Your Puzzle Pictures

When you have completed the puzzle pictures on page 377 put them together with the ones in May, June, and July Child Life with your letter, and paste this handy label on your package.

Name .....

Address.....

City .....

Age.....

PRIZE EDITOR
%CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark Street
CHICAGO

OUR WORKSHOP

[*Continued from page 382*]

like that in Figure 7 have been fastened to the box bottom (Figure 8), and a piece of tin has been shaped to the curved boards and nailed to their edges. To save work, the curved roof may be omitted.

Mount a wind-cone upon the roof of a hangar (Figure 6). Make it with a curtain ring for a base and a covering of stiff cloth (Figure 9). Mount the wind cone upon a nail, and drive the nail into the hangar roof.

Figure 10 shows a model of a ground wind indicator. Cut the fuselage out of a stick, the wing out of a thin board. Tack the wing to the fuselage. Pivot the fuselage to a square stick. Paint all parts white. Then stripe the fuselage with black paint.

An airport market (D, Figure 1), may be made of a pie tin, painted white, inverted, and lettered upon the bottom.

If you have built the model dirigible described upon last month's page, set up a mooring post on your landing field (I, Figure 1).

When you have set up the buildings and other equipment on your landing field, lay out runways in front of the hangars, and across the field. Make these of fine stone, narrow boards, or strips of cardboard.

PRIZE CONTEST WINNERS

The following boys and girls were awarded prizes for the best model airports submitted in last summer's contest: Robert J. White, Los Angeles, Calif.; Stanley Waite, Holyoke, Mass.; Arthur F. Schoenfuss, Hartford, Conn.; Lillian Peace, Hamilton, Ontario, Can.; T. T. Tams, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.; Jack and Harriet Cunningham, Waco, Tex.; Elise G. White, Akron, Ohio.

ANOTHER MODEL AIRPORT CONTEST

When you have completed this summer's model airport, write and tell me how you built it, and send one or more photographs of it. To each of the five readers who have built the best models, I shall send a copy of my book, "Making Things With Tools." This contest closes September 30th.

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[Continued from page 381]

STORIES IN SONG AND RHYTHM FOR SCHOOL AND HOME: Lyrics by Antoinette Pierce; music by Ruth Bowker.
(Southern California Music Company, Los Angeles.)

These are new songs written for the child of kindergarten age or possibly younger, on subjects of everyday interest to him, seasonal and otherwise, and with special attention paid to giving his rhythmic sense a chance to develop.

PICTURE BOOKS

CIRCUS BABIES, by Elizabeth Gale. Illustrated by John Dukes McKee. (Rand McNally and Company.)

These circus babies are, as you can see from their pictures, a circus themselves. There are eleven of them: Mr. Clown's baby, the two puppies, the two little black leopards, a baby lion, tiger, elephant, monkey, llama, and a baby hippopotamus—who cries. And all of them are just the right age to get into all sorts of funny mischief.

THE THACKERAY ALPHABET. Written and illustrated by William Makepeace Thackeray. (Harper and Brothers.)

A hundred years ago a little boy named Eddy was learning his alphabet and finding it very dull. Then along came a writer who was also an artist, and made him an A B C book with a picture and a rhyme for every letter. And, "believe it or not," Eddy—E stands for Eddy—never found the alphabet dull again. This hundred-year-old book is now printed for the first time, with each page so carefully photographed that you can see the very shine of the ink as it came from Thackeray's pen.

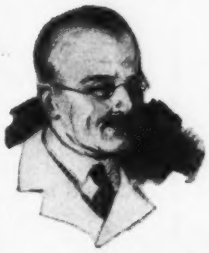
PENNY-WHISTLE, by Erick Berry. (The Macmillan Company.)

Penny Whistle got his nickname from the penny whistle his father bought him at the market. He is perhaps a cousin of Little Black Sambo's; anyway he lives near the jungle. This book tells how the birds taught him to play a tune. It gives his picture, and theirs, and the elephant's, and shows what a good boat Pappy's silk hat made, and how the tune itself grew, a note at a time.

FINGERFINS: The tale of a Sargasso Fish: Pictures and story by Wilfrid S. Bronson. (The Macmillan Company.)

Here is a picture book that anyone, even a grown person, could enjoy, for it not only gives pictures of the sea creatures who are Fingerfins' neighbors in the Sargasso weed, and the strange electric lighted fish and eels who come up from the depths at night, and the sharks and dolphins, but shows how everything works: how the Sargasso weed is held up by toy balloons, how Fingerfins' "hand" works, and how he swims—like an old fashioned airplane—how he eats, and sees, and finally how he came to be caught by Mr. Bronson's scientific expedition, and how he got away again.

"Two Tablespoonfuls of KARO in a glass of milk *improves* its flavor and *doubles* its energy value!"



SAYS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST CHILDREN'S DOCTORS

THIS doctor knows children and he knows Karo. His advice to mothers is invaluable.

"Serve plenty of Karo to the kiddies, especially underweight children, in milk, on cereals, on sliced bread. Watch their weight increase!" Children, of course, like Karo. It's deliciously sweet and full of flavor—and it satisfies their "sweet tooth."

Why is Karo so good for children? There are 120 calories per ounce in Karo. This means that Karo is a great energy-giving food—containing nearly twice the energy value of eggs and lean beef, weight for weight.

And for economy—compare the price of Karo per pound, with that of other staple foods.

Free to Mothers!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. CL-8, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

THE INSECT WORLD

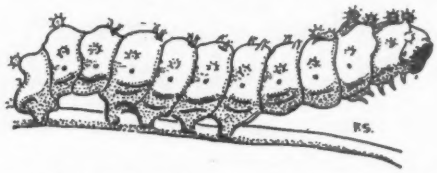
By MARY FRANCES SUMMERS

Assistant Curator of Art, Illinois State Museum

THE CECROPIA MOTH

BELOW in this column you will find an American silkworm. We call it the Cecropia Moth. As it always flies at night many people have not seen it, although it is very common. Any day after the leaves have fallen one may find the silken cradle which is to keep it warm until spring, fastened to some tiny branch.

This lovely creature has a wingspread of six inches or more. Her furry body, as large as a peanut, is Indian red, striped with black and white. Her wings are brown, shaded with red and black, decorated with spots and stripes of white and black.



She will cling firmly to your finger with her six sturdy legs if she has just emerged from her cocoon, but as soon as her wings grow strong she flutters away. Her life will be short, perhaps two weeks in all, as she never eats.

She has a moonlight wedding serenaded by a cricket orchestra, but by day she is the quietest of creatures. She stays in some dusky place where she may be safe. She lays many creamy eggs on the under side of willow and maple leaves. Sometimes, if there are lilac bushes, she will stay hidden in them and lay the eggs there.

In a few days the tiny black caterpillars hatch and immediately begin lunching on their leafy roofs. They grow rapidly and eat heartily, too. They change into new suits, as they get too big for their old ones, and each time these are of a different color. The last one is a beautiful blue-green. By this time they are rather fearful to behold. The beautiful green coat is ornamented with many knobs called tubercles which are coral red on the front part of the body, yellow on the back and blue on the side sections of the body. Little black hairs ornament these knobs.

In August or a little earlier, the caterpillars are tired of eating. They have grown to be about four inches long and as thick as one's thumb. It is time

[*Continued on page 392*]

THE OGRE WITH THE SOFT HEART

[*Continued from page 364*]

you. *I'll* come whenever you like."

The Ogre drew a little picture in the dirt.

"Awfully good of you, old chap," he answered. "But you see—well, you aren't a little girl, are you, nor even a little boy, for that matter? I'd be awfully glad—some other time—but I *do* want some children to take tea with me. You're not offended? You're sure you're not offended?"

"Oh, no," said the Dragon, "that's all right. Let me think."

So he thought and he thought and finally he got out a paper and pencil and wrote out a plan. The plan said:

(1) The children's party is at Tony Merryboy's.

(2) Mrs. Merryboy keeps fat chickens.

(3) And makes good chocolate cake.

(4) I will go down to the party and appear at tea time.

(5) You will follow me and will take me by the tail and sling me out.

(6) Everyone will be very grateful and will love you.

(7) They will come to tea.

"You see?" said the Dragon proudly. "Very simple."

"Oh, but," said the Ogre, "not the *tail*, my dear fellow. Really, I couldn't. Not by the *tail*." He blushed hotly at the thought.

"Nonsense," said the Dragon. "I shan't mind. Only I'd prefer to go over towards Brambly Woods. Mrs. Frederick Rabbit has just had a family and I've been intending to drop in and inquire after them. Well, I'll go along. Give me a few minutes there and then you follow me."

The Dragon waddled on down the path and the Ogre sat and thought. Once he stood up to shout, "Wouldn't a leg do?" But the Dragon shook his head violently and shouted back, "No! Tail!" So the Ogre went on sitting and thinking.

The party was gathering for tea when the Dragon appeared. The tea table was set under the trees and Tony Merryboy was just about to say grace, rather pink in the face and wondering if the piece of cake he'd already eaten would agree with him.

The Dragon slid over the garden wall and bowed his head politely.

"Go ahead," he said, "but do hurry."

Everybody stared in astonishment.

"Oh well, then," he said, "if you're not going to, I'll have a bit of cake. And perhaps I'll have just a very few sandwiches.

The Dragon helped himself.

"I'm afraid you didn't make quite enough for everybody," said he. "Where are those fine chickens I've heard so much about, Mrs. Merryboy? Oh, dear, here comes that Ogre With The Soft Heart. I shall have to go soon."

The Ogre stepped over the village church and into the garden. He put out one hand towards the Dragon and then drew back shyly.

"Go *on!*" said the Dragon in a fierce whisper. "The tail! Over by Brambly Woods!"

So the Ogre With The Soft Heart, blushing deeply, seized the Dragon by his scaly tail, whirled him three times around his head, and slung him over the village.

"Good-by," called the Dragon as he disappeared. "Such a nice party! Thank you so much." He was a very polite Dragon.

But the Ogre With The Soft Heart did not hear him. He had settled down carefully on the grass and was explaining earnestly how kind he really was and how very lonely he'd been. By the time he'd reached the part of his story where the little squirrel had told him he must have a new suit, the children had drawn into a half-circle around him and Mrs. Merryboy was ejaculating, "My!" and "Fancy!" at intervals. When he came to where the three little boys and the two little girls had run away from him down the mountain, the children were leaning against him and Tony Merryboy was stroking one big finger affectionately. And when he ended by saying that he was afraid the Dragon had eaten all their tea but wouldn't they all come up to the castle and have some muffins and jam and plum cake, they were jumping up and down in their eagerness to be off.

So after that the Ogre was perfectly happy. Sometimes he went down to a party in the village, but oftener the children came up the mountain to the castle. The Old Woman had to get a niece from town to help her bake.

The mothers liked him because he could mend their chimneys and hang out their washing; the fathers liked him because he could pick their apples from the highest branches and pluck their teams out of mud-holes in the spring; the little boys liked him because of the jam and the cake and the rides he gave them on his shoulders; but the little girls loved him because of the way his eyes looked when he smiled at them.

The Boy Next Door

Our son David likes to bring his school friends home to luncheon and we like to have them—when they are the right kind. Unfortunately most of those he has invited I could not ask a second time. Their manners—terrible, their language ungrammatical, their influence everything bad.

At last I ventured to suggest that he ask the boy next door, whom I had noticed from my window and who seemed a different type from those our son had brought home.

"But," objected David, "he doesn't go to our school. I don't know him."

As the family were newcomers in the neighborhood, I suggested to my husband that we call, having the boy, rather than his parents, in my mind.

And so that very evening we did so. They needed no urging to talk about their son. He was called in to meet us and he did so without embarrassment, joining in the conversation as if he were nineteen instead of nine. As he talked I marveled at his familiarity with Leonardo da Vinci, his apparent knowledge of botany and zoology, his intimate acquaintance with Aristotle, Charlemagne and the Crusaders. What manner of child was this?

"Where does your boy go to school?" I blurted out, no longer able to contain my curiosity.

"He doesn't go to school," they replied, "the school *comes* to him," and then smiling at my evident incredulity, they explained.

"He is a 'Calvert' boy—taught at home by Calvert School in Baltimore, by its long-distance system of home instruction."

I was envious and even jealous of what their son had acquired. By contrast—what our boy had learned was almost nothing.

"How did you happen to start him this way? What is Calvert School and who is back of it?" I asked in a rapid fire of questions.

"It was started by prominent men in Baltimore who wanted their sons and daughters to have a better education than the schools could give. They secured and maintain a faculty that is alert to new methods, tries out every theory and proves its merits before it is applied The school furnishes the lessons of instruction, books, materials and guidance.

"That's how we happened to start David on the Royal Road to knowledge; we wish we had known of the school sooner, for he had already lost years which never could be fully made up."

Write for complete information about Calvert. V. M. Hillyer, author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," is Headmaster. Use the coupon.

CALVERT SCHOOL
18-E. Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me full information regarding your Home Instruction Courses.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

If you have to be a

DENTAL POLICEMAN

...woe to your children's teeth

MUST you *insist* that your children brush their teeth—or do you give them Colgate's to make this vitally important habit a daily pleasure? If you have to drive them to the tooth-brush, it speaks very badly for the future of their teeth.

Good oral habits are closely connected with good health. Everything should be done to foster those habits. Mothers seem to find that Colgate's—deliciously flavored as it is—proves a mighty good inducement.

And how effectively Colgate's *cleans*. Its sparkling, bubbling foam, with a surging washing action, gets into the tiny spaces where food collects—and trouble starts. Ordinary toothpastes, being more sluggish in action, do not have this important penetrating power.

Colgate's purifies and refreshes the whole mouth. It polishes teeth brilliantly and safely.

Important, too, is the fact that it contains no drugs or medicaments to derange the bowels or upset the digestion.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste. Why not be guided by their advice? It is sound because it is based on an intimate knowledge of this dentifrice which for twenty-six years has had the approval of the profession.

FREE: *to Mothers—This makes Toothbrushing a Game!*

"The Way to Happytown" is a delightful little book about the adventures of Bob and Betty on the Way to Happytown. In it is a toothbrushing chart which appeals to the child's play instinct . . . and offers a *reward* for brushing teeth regularly. It is approved by educators and helps you to teach your children the clean teeth habit. Mail the coupon and get this book—free—with a free trial tube of Colgate's.

Colgate, Dept. M-686, P. O. Box 375,
Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Gentlemen: Please send me "The Way to Happytown" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for_____children.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____

THE SCOTCH PIPER

[Continued from page 368]

gow. The train was crowded when it came, and Grandfather squeezed into the last coach with the children. Jamie told them about all the places they passed. They'd been riding about an hour, when the coach with no warning began to slow down. It coasted into a small station. Grandfather climbed out on the platform, and began running along and waving his cane so frantically that the children couldn't help laughing. And then they discovered why he was so excited. The rest of the train had gone off and left them. They could see it disappear around the bend. And the sign on the back of the station seats didn't say "Glasgow."

"We've been uncoupled, and the train doesn't even know it," Grandfather cried.

"Aye, but we have not," Jamie answered, although he was laughing so hard that he could scarcely speak. "We got into a slip coach by mistake."

"Now what in the world is a slip coach?" Grandfather asked, and his tone showed that he didn't approve of it, whatever it was.

"It's a coach hooked on a train, and they just slip it off when they come to the town it's for, and the train doesn't have to waste time stopping. It's a grand idea for time saving," Jamie boasted.

Grandfather didn't see anything so grand about it. Of course, it was all right if you got into the right coach, but here they were stranded in a place they didn't want to be, and the train had gone off and left them.

"It's no matter," Jamie comforted. "There'll be another train for Glasgow, and we'll take that one."

He showed them around the little town while they waited, stopping at every corner to boast of its wonders. They heard the train coming and ran toward the station. This time Grandfather was very particular to find seats in a coach marked "Glasgow." He didn't want to be slipped off again. He was greatly relieved when Jamie pointed out the masts of the many ships that come and go in Glasgow's harbor. They had reached it in safety.

LOLLIPOP

AILEEN L. FISHER

NANCY had some moulding clay,
Yellow streaked with blue,

Blue streaked with yellow
And some red in, too.

Nancy took a little stick
And screwed a ball on top

And gave it to her mother
For an ice cream lollipop.

THE PEACE TREE

By MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

IN 1810, during a wild wind storm, the Peace Tree crashed to the ground. But from its roots sprang up a new tree, still standing to-day. In the yard of the Friends' Meeting House in Philadelphia grows another shoot. Still another is in the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital. Yet others grow in England on the estates of some of William Penn's descendants.

Why is this elm so cherished? Because under it was made "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken." Never sworn to, because the Friend who made the treaty with the Indians did not believe in oath-taking. Never broken because William Penn and his followers were just and honest. He said of the Indians, "They are not hard to manage. One needs only be just."

The Indians said of William Penn, "He is the great white truth teller."

It was in the sweet month of June, 1683, that the treaty was made. Wisely Penn chose to meet the Indians under the tree they had loved and honored for generations, a great elm at Shackamaxon—now Kensington, Philadelphia.

"The place of kings," the red men called it. There for ages the sachems of the various tribes had met in council and to this spot in answer to Penn's request the Indians came by hundreds, all painted and carrying arms. Into their midst walked Penn and his little handful of followers, clad in the sober grey garb of the Friends. The only way Penn's dress differed from the others was in the light-blue sash he wore about his waist.

Silently the Indians grouped themselves in half-circles about their chiefs. When all were seated the interpreter turned to Penn with the words, "We are ready to hear the great Penn."

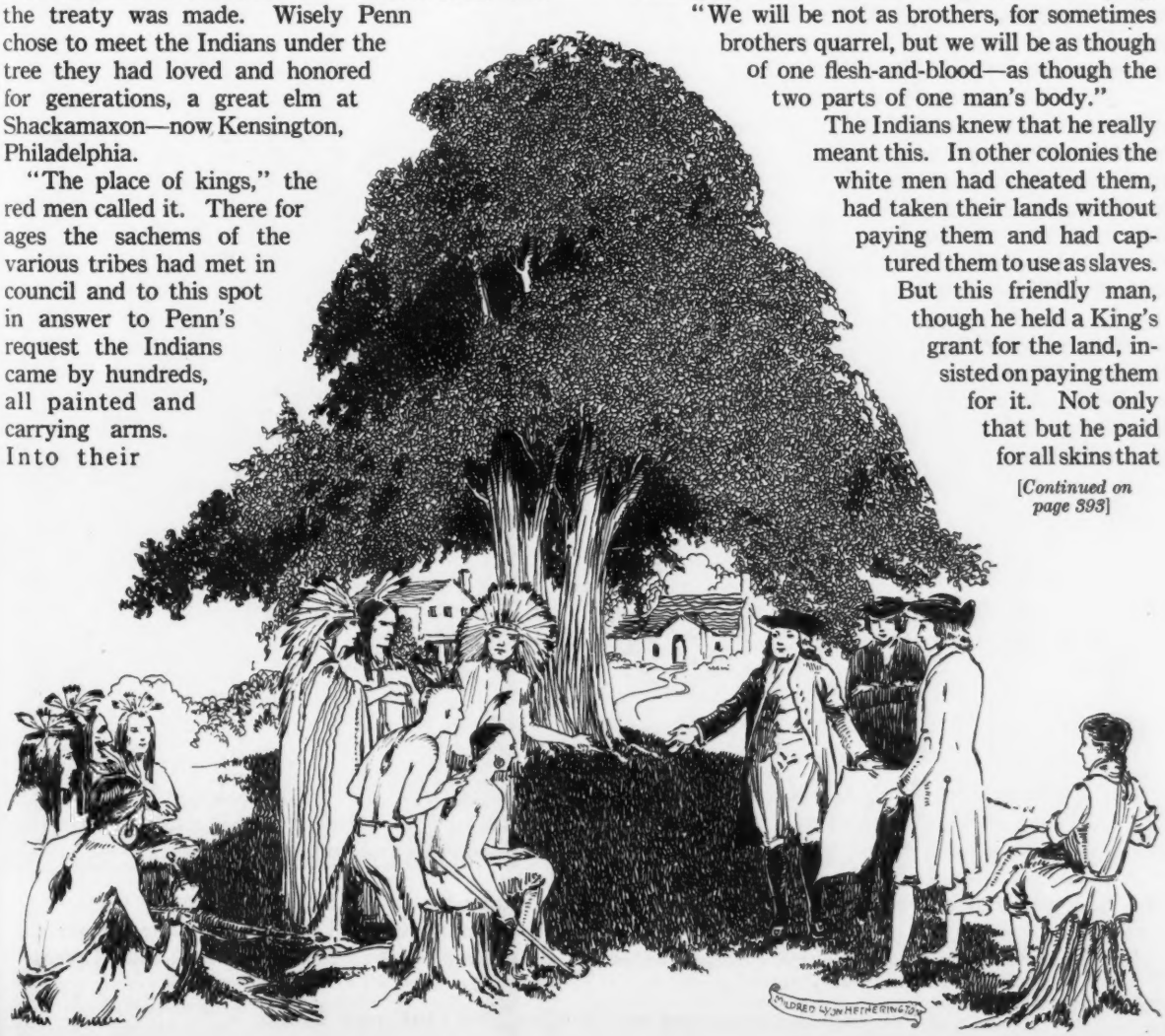
Rising, Penn with smiling friendliness unrolled a parchment. On it was written a trading agreement and a promise of friendship. Through the interpreter he explained it. At the end of his talk he pointed to the overhanging elm and cried, "Under this tree shall be a spot common to you and common to us. Here in friendship will we meet."

In return the sachems promised that red men and white should live together in love, "as long as creeks and rivers run and while the sun and moon endure."

Penn gave to the Indians the parchment saying, "We will be not as brothers, for sometimes brothers quarrel, but we will be as though of one flesh-and-blood—as though the two parts of one man's body."

The Indians knew that he really meant this. In other colonies the white men had cheated them, had taken their lands without paying them and had captured them to use as slaves. But this friendly man, though he held a King's grant for the land, insisted on paying them for it. Not only that but he paid for all skins that

[Continued on page 393]



YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.

OH, WHAT a good time Alice is having!

In the morning she plays tennis in an attractive pique sleeveless dress.

Afternoons she goes riding in a linen ensemble suit and hat, the dress of which is very clever with its scalloped yolk.

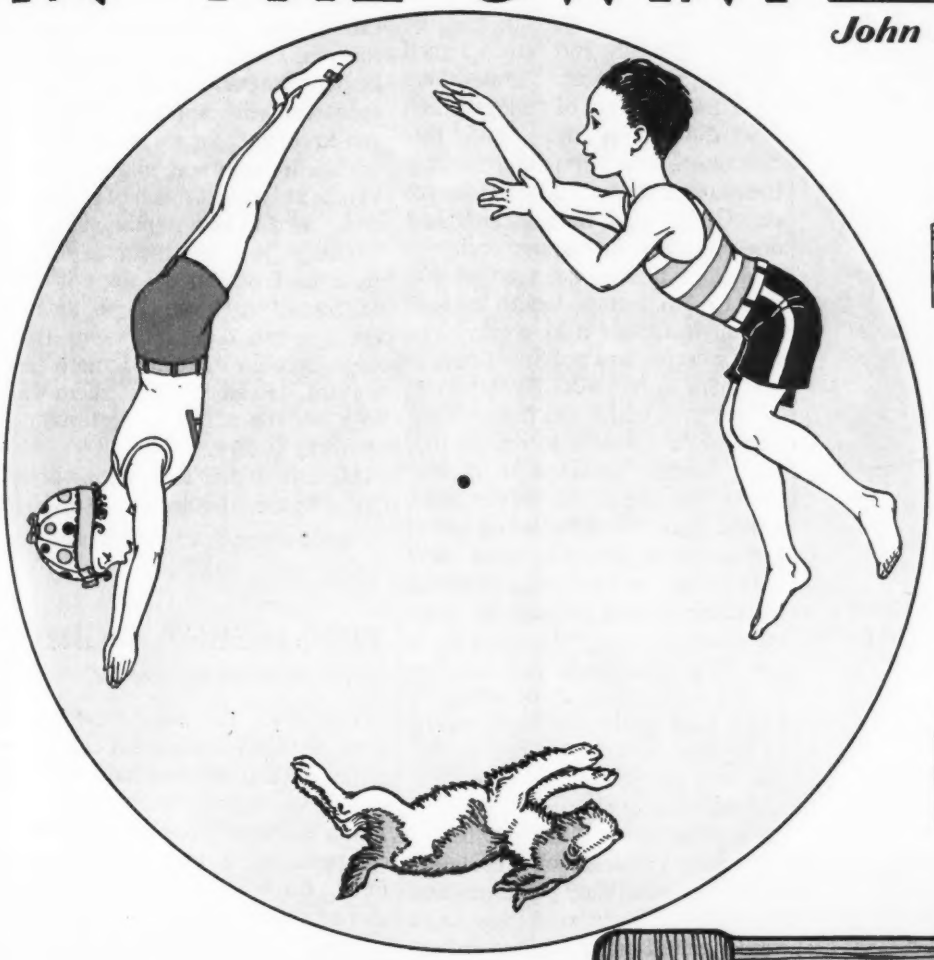
But the most fun of all are the early evening dances when she wears her quite grown-up evening dress. The full skirt dips slightly in back and shirring makes the waist fitted and unusual.

Pattern No. 6867—3 sizes—6, 8, and 10 years.
Pattern No. 6843—4 sizes—8, 10, 12 and 14 years.
Pattern No. 6865—4 sizes—8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

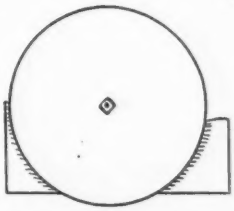
All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

IN THE SWIM

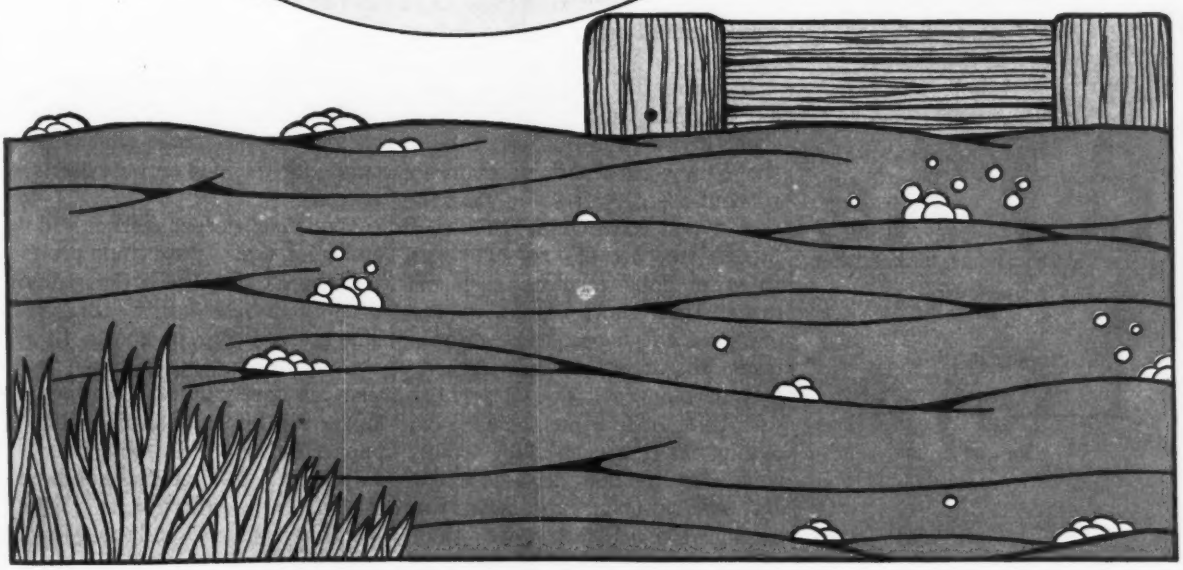
John Dukes McKee



FRONT VIEW



BACK VIEW



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on cardboard about as heavy as a cereal box. Make the two pieces. Put a pin through the black dot on the post and then through the black dot in the center of the circle. Put a piece of cork or bit of rubber eraser over the end of the pin to keep the pieces from coming apart. Now roll the toy along from right to left and the children and dog will dive in. Perhaps you will think it fun to roll it from left to right, so they will jump backward from the water.

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw an M, to start,
With the peaks quite far apart.

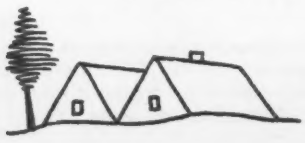
Let's draw one long line, until
We've two tents upon a hill.

Two lines from each peak must go,
Slanting toward the hill, you know.

Bend the long one, if you will,
Till it reaches to the hill.

Now a tall pole drawn, you see,
With some scribblings, makes a tree.

Windows small and a chimney, too.
A house for me, and a house for you!



SAILING SHIPS

[Continued from page 369]

which are square rigged on the fore and main masts and lateen rigged on the mizzen mast. This differs from the usual rig of galleys which was the lateen rig. And this characteristic is again different from the ancient ships of Egypt, Phoenicia, Greece and Rome which had one mast and one square sail.

Galleys ranged from about 100 feet to 115 feet in length and 20 feet in width for a long time. In 1529 a decree was published requiring them to be built 133 feet long, 23 feet wide and 9 feet high. They were quite uniform in design too, being under government regulations. In fact the government owned a great fleet itself and issued specifications covering just how they were to be built. Private merchants could engage in commerce and many of the great families of the times made their fortunes in this way. They could afford to build their galley without regard to expense, and, being fond of display and pomp, they went the limit in ornamenting them with wonderful carving, colorful sails, often of silk, with emblems of Venice on them and plenty of pennants and flags to doll them up. The hulls were painted with various colors, too.

In earlier days the entire crew of a galley was under pay but now slaves captured in war were used at the heavy oars and were driven without mercy. It seems that the best naval experts at this time favored the use of long oars with three or four men at each oar rather than short oars with just one man to an oar, as was sometimes the case. From thirty to fifty oars on each side of a galley with three or four men at each oar pulling as hard as they could, would send it along at a good clip and still faster if the wind was helping too. Steering was done with a curved rudder hung at the stern and two large oars fitted to the side near the stern, so a galley could turn quickly as well as keep her course in a wind.

With officers, sailors, gunners, oarsmen and others a galley usually had about 400 men aboard. Multiplied by the large number of ships there were means that many thousand men made their living on the sea. When new routes to far lands were discovered and other countries, with superior ships, began to come in for a slice of the rich profits, it became a wild scramble. Venice at last lost much of its power and ceased to be a republic in 1797.

This is just one instance of the great part played by ships in the destiny of nations. And, as the world grows older, it seems that ships become more and more important. Reading about them will help you to a fine understanding of world history.

(The next ship in this series will be the Spanish Galleon.)

THE INSECT WORLD

[Continued from page 386]

to rest now. Each one must build a cradle that will keep out cold and rain. Of course, the cradle will be of silk.

Let us watch one of the busy creatures as it weaves back and forth, throwing a slender, strong thread about its body to catch over a twig. Quickly the rough outer covering is made. Our silkworm can not be seen very long, but for a while it will be very busy inside the cocoon. It must make a fine smooth cradle for the long nap it expects to take.

While our sleeper rests it will be changing, too. If one could peep in without spoiling the little nest, he would not believe his eyes. The blue-green worm is gone. In its place is an oval, shiny, brown body that can barely move. Now we no longer call him a caterpillar, but a pupa. This is our Sleeping Beauty, only as yet our sleeper is not beautiful.

In the spring, usually in May, a little Sunbeam Prince will come to waken the drowsy one. From the gray cradle will come a beautiful winged creature in robes a princess could not possess. It is our Cecropia Moth, a Moon Princess at last.

THE HOUSE IN HIDDEN LANE

[*Continued from page 372*]

"I'm going to ask Mother if sometime I can take up a board or two in this floor and look under it," proclaimed Junior. "I can put them back all right with my carpenter tools—and a lot of things could be hidden under a floor."

"Only do you think an old lady like Aunt Abigail would have been likely to take up a floor and put it back?" objected Lucky, who with his quick-thinking brain often outstripped the slower Junior. And Junior had to admit, reluctantly, that perhaps she wouldn't have.

"But anyhow, I'm going to try it!" he ended stubbornly.

There being no further field for exploration indoors, they all trooped out to the old barn and combed that ancient ruin noisily. And at last, wearied and discouraged, they wandered down to the Bay and spent the rest of the afternoon paddling about in a decrepit and leaking dory. Lulu proposed that they take up the boards and look down in the old well when they got back to the house. But Junior firmly vetoed that plan.

"It's dangerous and Mother wouldn't allow it," he decided. "Besides, how could an old lady hide anything in a deep well? If they went down into the water they'd be ruined—especially the rugs—and if they didn't go into the water they wouldn't be hidden. Anyone could lift up the boards and find 'em."

"How do you know there's still water in there?" demanded Lucky. "Old wells sometimes go dry. There was one up near our school that did."

"Because I peeked down through a knot-hole in the boards this morning and *saw* water there!" countered Junior triumphantly.

That night after supper they all sat on the back porch in the waning twilight, listening to the frogs croaking in the marshes by the Bay.

"I think we'll let our frogs and the turtle go," remarked Lucky sleepily. "They'll have plenty of company out there and we've got too much on our minds to bother with them."

"But then you won't have any pets but the crows," said Bettina, cuddling the purring Angora kitten in her lap.

"Well, they'll be plenty!" answered Lucky. And as time was later to prove, they certainly were!

It was well into the night when Junior woke suddenly, oppressed by the feeling that there was something going on. Yet as he lay listening, there was not a sound in the house save the deep breathing of Lucky in the big bed beside him. Outside, the wind stirred in a willow tree near the window, and from somewhere in the distance a whippoorwill mourned at intervals. Junior was just about to drop off to sleep again when the crunching sound of a step on the gravel path outside brought him sitting up, tense and breathless, with every sense alert!

(*Part III of "The House in Hidden Lane" will appear in the September issue of CHILD LIFE.*)

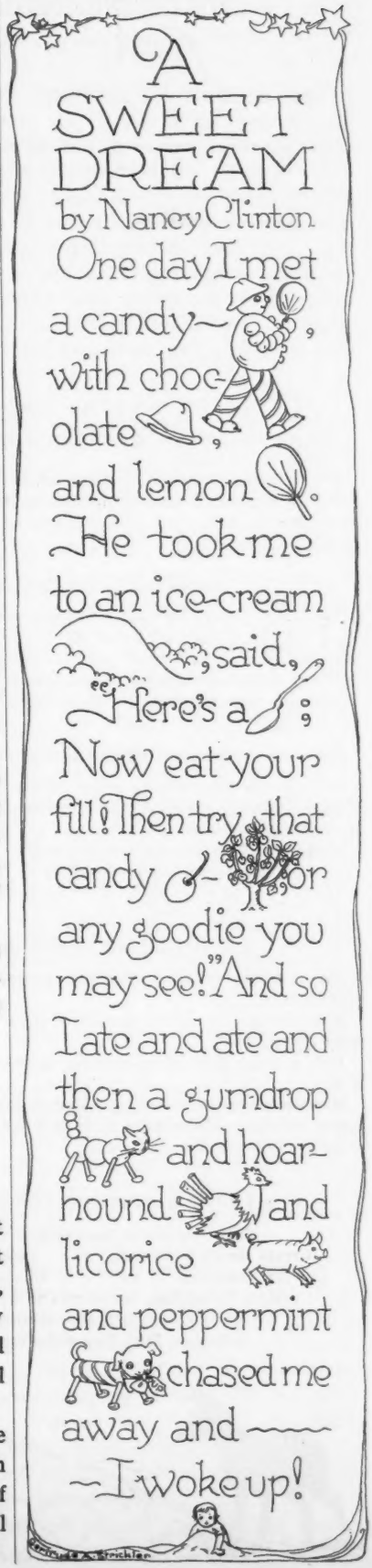
THE PEACE TREE

[*Continued from page 389*]

they brought him.

In time they came so to trust him that they made this agreement about payment: "So many knives, so many kettles and axes, so many shoes, stockings, looking-glasses and blankets as William Penn shall choose to give us."

Do you wonder that even the second growth of the tree which stood for so much in the lives of both red men and white is still loved and honored?



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 375]

before you while you use them. Most fillings will keep several days, so, if you picnic often, make enough to use twice—it will be no more trouble. Cover what is left very tightly and put it at once into the refrigerator. In using a salad filling, spread *both* pieces of bread with butter as this will prevent the salad from soaking into the bread. A soggy sandwich is not attractive and is unnecessary as butter keeps the bread dry. Other fillings, not so moist as a salad, can have the butter blended in with the filling, thus saving lots of time in spreading.

PEANUT SURPRISE SANDWICH

Into a mixing bowl put ½ cupful peanut butter
¼ cupful butter
¼ currant jelly (or any dark, tart jelly)
½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ cupful chopped nuts, any kind you like. Mix till perfectly blended; then spread on white or whole wheat bread.

HAM-PICKLE SANDWICH

Into a mixing bowl put 1 cupful chopped or ground cooked ham
½ cupful chopped sweet pickle (this may be a sweet chopped pickle, or a few whole pickles chopped finely)
¼ cupful mayonnaise, 2 tablespoonfuls creamed butter. Mix with a fork till perfectly blended and then spread.

CREAM CHEESE SANDWICH

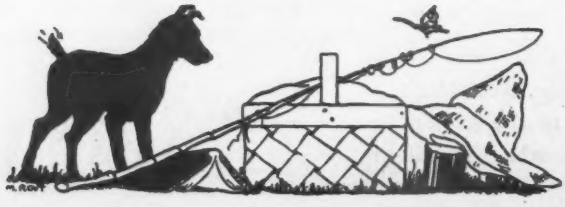
Put 1 cream cheese into a mixing bowl and with a fork break it apart. Cream it with 3 tablespoonfuls butter and 3 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise.
When well blended add 2 tablespoonfuls chopped nuts and 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley or chives, mixing well. This is good on whole wheat or bran bread or on brown bread.

CARROT SALAD SANDWICHES

Rub carrots through a vegetable grater, fixing enough to make 1 cupful.
Rub cabbage (or celery) **through a grater, fixing enough to make ½ cupful.**
With a sharp knife or scissors cut ½ sweet pepper into fine bits.
Mix the 3 vegetables with 3 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise and spread between well-buttered slices of bread. Whole wheat or white bread is best for this mixture.

MENU FOR A PICNIC LUNCHEON

Ham and Pickle Sandwich (2 each)
Cream cheese Sandwich **Salad Sandwich**
Jam Sandwich (or jelly) **Olives** (2 each)
Hard Boiled Egg, peeled and wrapped with packet of pepper and salt
Individual Fruit Tart well wrapped



A NIGHT ON THE SAND BAR

[Continued from page 361]

flour and read the directions. A comfortable cookstove and a wobbly camp fire were two different things. The smoke made her eyes smart, the heat of the panhandle was uncomfortable. One batch fell in the fire. But Bob's respectful eyes and the appetite with which he devoured them soothed her.

By the time the dishes were washed night began to gather round them. "Mother always says people sleep better in their own beds," said Bob thoughtfully.

"Bob MacDuff, don't you be a spoil sport. I think this is perfect."

"Well, I just wish Bunker was here in case any wolves show up."

"Did you ever see a wolf up here?"

The moon came up, just in time to prevent an argument. Round and white and beautiful, it rose above them. The children drew closer together and Betty covered Bob with a blanket. They lay silently watching.

"I have a poem," said Bob suddenly.

"All right, say it."

"Above my head the lovely stars are shining.
The moon is climbing up and up and up.
I'm glad I can sleep out all night."

"Did you make that up out of your own head?" asked Betty a little suspiciously.

"Why, sure I did."

"It's very good for that."

They took turns telling stories until the moon was high in the sky.

"Well, I guess it's almost time we went to bed." Betty walked over to the tent. "Why, what's happened here?" Their acrobatics had loosened two of the tent props, and the back wall of the tent flopped out the front door.

Father had taken his hatchet home with him and after much fussing, they put stones around the canvas floor to hold it down.

"Shall we undress, Betty?"

"I shall take off my shoes," decided Betty, "and use my sweater for a pillow."

They wriggled and stretched and curled up again like two puppies before they finally settled down.

"There's sand in my sweater," began Bob plaintively.

"Well, my head is right on the stones, but I wasn't going to mention it," answered Betty firmly.

Bob gave a great sigh and said no more until his even breathing announced that he had gone to sleep.

How full of sound the night was! People who talked about the silent night had never camped out. Every now and again a fish jumped and fell with a flat splash into the water; from the forest came the owl's weird hoot and near at hand the river lapped against the canoe with an insistent voice.

Suddenly a new sound came to her—the sound of some one swimming! She heard the regular thrust

of a body against the water, the pant, pant of quick-taken breath. Was it a man or an animal? She could not tell.

"Bob!" cried Betty, suddenly sitting up.

Bob turned in his sleep. "Mother stay here," he murmured.

Betty gave a sound of impatience. What a baby he was! Well, babies had to have brave people take care of them, only it was hard to be brave in the dark. But the swimmer had landed. She heard him shaking off water. With her heart pounding so that she feared he would hear her, she opened the flap and peeked out.

A large animal with gleaming eyes stood blackly against the moon. Could it be a wolf? She knew that in winter wolves came down from the forests in the back country in search of food.

"Go away," she tried to shout, but in her fright the words were hardly above a whisper.

The monster stopped, saw her and came on. "Woof," he said amicably.

Why, it was Bunker, Bunker whom she had sent away, come to take care of them! Betty put her arms around his wet, hairy body and drew him into the tent.

"Bunker, Bunker, I'm so glad to see you." If a few tears fell on his coat it was already too wet to matter. Bunker licked her face and shook himself liberally.

Betty rubbed him with the one towel Mother had insisted upon and when he snuggled in between Bob and her she did not try to dissuade him. With one arm on his reassuring fur, she fell asleep.

They awakened to a cold gray morning. The matches were wet with dew and Bunker had discovered the lunch basket. From the cottages on the hill, comfortable curls of smoke told of preparations for breakfast.

"Say, suppose we paddle home and surprise them. Would you like to?"

"Oh, let's!" cried Bob enthusiastically.

"Well, as long as you want to, I'd just as soon." Betty maintained the dignity of her ten years to the end.

As they climbed up the hill Bob asked, "Say, when did Bunker show up?"

Betty hesitated a moment. "He came after you went to sleep," she said. "I thought he might as well stay. You know I was really quite glad to see him."

A LITTLE BOY OF LONG AGO

[*Continued from page 378*]

him *very* dearly. It was she who heard him say the Bible verses that all the children had to learn. It was she who taught him the prayers and collects in the Prayer Book. And it was she who went off with him on warm evenings to the banks of the Rivanna River. There big sister and little brother would watch the sun set. And while they looked at the crimson and gold clouds floating across the blue sky, they sang the five hymn tunes that they knew. At that time nobody in Virginia knew more than five.

When the evenings were cold the family would gather around the big fireplace and sing together. Sometimes Father would tell stories. That was the best fun of all, for Father went on long trips into the great green forest on the other side of the blue mountains. Father often had to fight with some savage beast to save his life. He killed bears and wild cats. No white man lived in the forest but there were many Indians. They were Father's friends.

When this little boy was about nine years old, his father took him to a great meeting of the Indians. It was a warm summer evening and the full moon made the forest almost as bright as day. Though it was warm and though it was light, the Indians sat in the great circle around a fire with orange flames leaping high in the air. The Indians always sat about a fire when they had something important to talk about. And this evening they had something very important to discuss. They felt that the white people in Virginia were not treating them justly. They believed that if the king of England knew what his white sons were doing he would say, "Stop being so unkind! Treat my red children in Virginia as you would like to have them treat you."

So at this meeting they decided to send one of their chiefs across the great Atlantic Ocean to talk to the king. This chief's name was Ontasseté (accent on the last syllable) and he was a very great chief indeed. He got up in this meeting and told his brothers what he would say to the king. The little boy could not understand what he said for, of course, Ontasseté spoke in the Indian tongue when he was talking to his own people. But the boy thought, "If, when he talks to the king, he holds his head high and his eyes flash as they do now, I am sure the king will listen."

When Ontasseté finished his speech he lifted his arms to the moon-flooded sky and implored the Great Spirit to take care of his people while he was away from them. The boy knew then what he meant. And when the chief stretched out his arms toward the seated Indians, the boy was sure he was calling down a blessing upon them.

Never did he forget that evening. All his life long he was a friend to the Indians. They loved him. Many people loved him—not only when he was a little boy but when he grew to be a tall, handsome man. People loved him because he was always doing something for others. He did many, many things to help his own Virginia. And when Virginia and all her sister colonies decided that it would be wise to separate from England, he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Can you guess his name? Yes, it was Thomas Jefferson.

CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE — ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY — 536 S. CLARK STREET — CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MY FLOWER GARDEN

I plant a little garden
Every year that's all my own,
And I rake it, and hoe it,
When my seeds have all been sown.

Then I water it each morning,
And for days I watch and wait
To see my first wee sprigs of green
Down by the garden gate.

In my little garden this year
I'll plant old-fashioned flowers,
And I know they'll all be lovely,
If I work through sunny hours.

Twelve different kinds I've chosen
That my garden spot shall hold,
Flowers of red, pink, blue, and yellow,
For I am twelve years old!

I want some bachelor's-buttons,
Primrose and balsams, too—
The bright red of the hollyhocks
And the larkspur's lovely blue.

The dancing yellow poppies,
The marigold and pink
Verbenas and bright asters
Will be beautiful, I think,

While all along the garden fence,
Will grow the pink sweet-pea,
And I must have some rosemary,
For that's my name, you see!

And I'll fix bouquets for Mother—
She seems to love them so—
They make our house all pretty.
I'm so glad I make flowers grow!

ROSEMARY DAVIS,
Age 12. Denver, Colo.

ROBERTA REDMAN
French Lick, Ind.

MY WISH

I wish I were an aeroplane,
Sailing through the sky,
With stars high above me,
And clouds down near-by.

'Twould be such fun to sail along,
Above the city's noise,
And Lindy says it's the greatest sport,
For all American boys.

CARL MARTIN STROMBERG, JR.,
Age 9. Los Angeles, Calif.

THE OLD CASTLE

A fairy tiptoed into a hall.
Nothing was in it, nothing at all.
'Twas an ancient castle, so crumbly and old,
The legends about it are now never told.
Someone lived there long ago.

She ran up into a little room,
And there saw a spinning wheel, and an old loom,
And on the spinning wheel, just begun,
Was a skein of wool that somebody 'd spun.
Someone sat there long ago.

Then up the northwest passage she ran,
And there she found a feather fan;
And in the room was a little bed,
Its pillow mussed by somebody's head.
A princess slept there long ago.

Then out in the dew-moistened field she ran,
Up where a little stream began,
And from a tree hung a little swing
Which once made the winds about it sing.
Some child played there long ago.

A fairy kiss of farewell she blew,
As sadly and slowly away she flew
From the ancient castle, so crumbly and old,
The legends about it are now never told.
Beauty reigned there long ago.

CLARA M. COHEN,
Age 9. New York City.

Dear Child Life:

I sure have a dandy time when you come in the mail! Please come every week.

Age 8 GEORGE BOWEN
Chicago

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

[*Continued from page 383*]

Russell's side the winners."

Miss Bradley laughed. "I never saw two teams, trying to give a victory to each other. But I believe you'll agree that this bag of marshmallows, which we're going to toast, will be reward enough for everybody, so suppose *both* sides give their stunts."

And that was what they did.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends and shall mail you a handbook and pins for them.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Honor Roll for April

The following boys and girls earned twenty-five or more honor points during April:

Marie Adams
Rose Adams
Thelma Adams
Mary Amato
Axel Anderson
Ernest Anastasio
Donna Arnold
Marguerite Arnold
Charlene Babbs
Blanche Bachelder
Millard Bachelder
Emil Bailke
Dale Baker
Mary Balger
Gerald Barnholtz
Mildred Bender
Rebecca J. Bishop
Georgiana Black
Mary Blood
Gladys Boudreaux
Elaine Bouman
Marybelle Bowie
Jean Bristol
Janet Bradley
Dana Bray
Phylliss Brockett
Orville Broman
Arlene Brown
Clyde Brown
Eddie Brown
Lenore Brown
Yetta Brown
Dorothy Bush
N. C. Butterworth
Lucy Cambosis
Elinor Campbell
Mary Carbone
Lillian Carlstrom
Libby Carmody
Bobby Carpenter
Philomena Carrano
John Cavallaro
Anthony Cewe
John Chillami
Mozelle Chisum
Syanlet Chorinzy
Vincent Ciganik
Clifford Clark
Faye Clark
Lorraine Comiskey
Ethel Concienne
Leona Concienne
Bernice Connick
Florence Cook
Angelina Coppola
Mary E. Cowles
Jessie Creaser
Bennie D'Angelo
Jennie D'Angelo
Nicholas D'Aniello
John Dault
Russell Dault
Elvyn Davis
Ladelle Davis
Mattie Davis
Jennie Decko
Rita De Meola
Louise De Palma
Antoinette De Vernio
John Douglas
Marion Doyle
Margaret Durso
Florence Ellis
Robert A. Elwell
Peter Ewchuk
Evelyn Falsey
Margaret Ferguson
Jane Fink
Mary Fiore
Tillman Forman
Sirrio Formico
Sylvia Franco
Isabel Frankenfield
Margie Frick
Beryl Friebe
Gerald Gable
Charles Gahring
Eugenie Gardner
Wesley Gates
Isabella Gaud
Gene Gerard
Glenn Gerard
Irene Gerard
Laurel Gerard
Waldean Gerdts
Grace Gilbert
Lillian Gilbert
Lola Gilbert
Esther Giometti
Tressa Gooding
Edward Grabowski
Ruth Graves
Marie Greenwood
Gwendolyn Griffith
George Gritzbach
Walter Grudzinski
Marlyn Gudmonson
Sylvia Gudmonson
Vernon Gudmonson
Evelyn Guida
Alvine Guillot
Bernice Gulbinas
Dorothy Hall
Carrol Haman
Raymond Hanna
Howard Hartness
Jerome Hatfield
Betty M. Hayes
Eugenia Heath
Helen Heath
Nolan Hebert
Margaret Heywood
Geraldine Higgins
Wesley Holtdorf
Herbert Holton
Joel Holton
Mavis Holton
Anna Honsey
Lila Hood
Edna Hessinger
Aaron Huettl
Gerald Huettl
Helen Hungerford
James Hurlburt
Helen Izzo
Celia Jacobs
Pasquale Jenette
Virginia Jermia
Donald Johnson
Bergette Kazda

(*To be continued*

MY FAVORITE BIRD

Some people like the bluebird best,
I like the robin gay.
He sits upon my window sill,
And says, "I've come to stay."

PHYLLIS ELIZABETH WATERS,
Age 9. Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We have a summer home at Pembroke, Massachusetts. We went down there one week-end in April and on Sunday, I went out with some of my chums to pick May flowers. We had to jump over a brook. When it came my turn to jump I felt something might happen, but still I didn't give up. I jumped and I got over safely and caught hold of the grass and I pulled the grass up and I went—plop!—right into the herring brook. I sat there as though I didn't know what had happened. When I got up I was wet up to my waist, and I ran home through the woods.

I have two little love birds. They are the cutest little things. I will send you some of their feathers in the envelope. I have dancing and horseback riding.

One of your readers,
LILLA W. CURTIS,
Age 11. Brookline, Mass.

LILLA W. CURTIS
BROOKLINE, MASS.

SPORT

I like to splash
In the ocean blue;
In the waves I dash—
Don't you?

BOB WILDER
Age 10 Portland, Maine

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live about two miles from the old Oregon trail where the trail blazers went from east to west in the old covered wagons.

The North River is on one side of the town in which I live and the South River on the other; then they go together and make the Platte River. At the points Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, was born.

I live fifteen miles from Sioux Lookout where the Indians of that name would watch the trail for the white people, hidden from the sight of the white people.

I am twelve blocks from William Cody's home. (He was commonly known as Buffalo Bill.) They are going to tear it down.

Yours sincerely,
MARGARET DICK,
North Platte, Neb.

WHAT MAKES A STAR TWINKLE?

Can you have fire without flame? Can you make heat without fire?

A BOY sat asking questions like these in front of his mother's tea kettle. He wanted to know why steam rattled the lid. And the whole railroad system of the world and all of its factories came out of this question.

Another boy (he was grown up but he was still a boy) kept wondering why electricity ran down his kite string. And that was the beginning of all the modern miracles of electricity.

And, of course, you know his name.

Every great discovery, every important invention sprang from some simple question which boys and girls refused to leave unanswered.

We have something for you that will give you the answers to the things you are wondering about. It is called Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia, but it is more than an encyclopedia. It not only answers your questions but inspires you to tackle the problems which only you and the other boys and girls of this coming generation will be able to answer.

You ought to see a sample section of Compton's right away. It will help you to get better marks in school and to acquire greater leadership amongst your classmates. And that is important. You know you are going to be running this world of ours almost before you realize it and it will be to your advantage to know more than the other fellow when that time comes.

Here is the coupon. If you will get your mother or father to sign it, we will send you a big Pictured Sample Section from the Encyclopedia itself, absolutely free, and we will tell you how you can have the whole ten volumes in your home for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

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Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

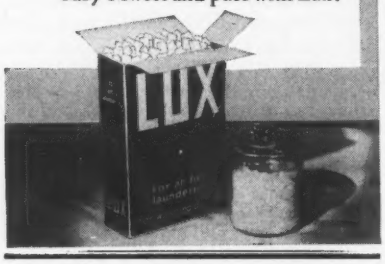
☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

A Child Specialist

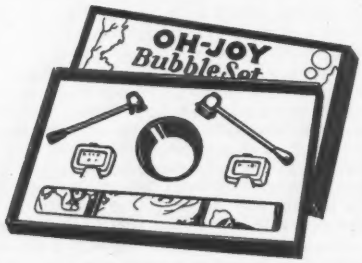
—one of the foremost specialists in the country—interviewed recently, said—

"Lux is safe for baby's things—in fact, for baby himself." Other famous doctors, baby clinics, agree! And doctors' wives—91% of those asked—use Lux for their own babies' things.

Lux has *none of the harmful alkali* found in many soaps—and with the instant Lux suds there's *no rubbing*. Keep *everything* of baby's sweet and pure with Lux!



BLOWING BUBBLES IS SUCH FUN



The Oh-Joy Bubble Set sells for only seventy-five cents—mother will be glad to order it for you when you show her that it consists of two Bubble-pipes that make the most wonderful bubbles, a pan, two bars of colored soap, and a lovely rubber apron—all packed in an attractive decorated box.

Just mail the coupon below if you cannot obtain from your dealer.

AMERICAN BUBBLE PIPE CO.
Far Rockaway, New York
Enclosed find $.....
Send..... Oh-Joy Bubble Sets, at 75 cents each
Name .....
Street.....
City.....
State .....

MAMMY'S LITTLE HONEY CHILE

"Inkie. Oh, Inkie!" This call was issued by a large colored woman. On her head was a red bandana, and she was a typical 'Mammy.' Her call was rewarded by the appearance of a lean, little, eight-year-old pickaninny, her head a crop of pigtails. "Yo' young rascal, if yo' don' come on heah, I de-clare, I just believes I'se gonna gib yo' a good warming up!"

Now, now, Mammy, don't yo' all go and 'wa'am' *me* up!" Two large tears had found their way down Inkie's small black cheeks, and Mammy's watchful eyes saw them.

"Now, now, honey, come on, climb on Mammy's lap, an' let her sing to yo'," she said soothingly.

"Mammy's little honey chile,
What's sweet as she can be,
Mammy just lubs her so, 'cause you see—
She nebber misobeys me, an' she
Nebber disbehaves me,
Mammy's lil' honey chile'
What's sweet as she can be.

"Now, den, honey, here's some bread and 'lasses fo yo' all; so run along, shoo!"

And Inkie 'shooed.' But when Inkie came back, Mammy's face wasn't so bright. "Oh-oh, Mammy, now den what's de matter?"

"Well, Inkie, beins' yo' all 'sists, I'se gonna' tell you. Why, honey, yo' all is gonna' hab to leab yo' Mammy. Yessir! Massa Brandon, he's a comin' fo' to take you to his plantation fo' a yeah, an' den' yo' all can come back to me, 'cause den he's gonna' leab it an' go up nawth."

"Why, Mammy!" and Inkie burst into a torrent of tears.

"Hello, Auntie." A big jolly looking man with a broad smile on his face walked up. "Ho, ho, so this is Inkie!"

"Oh, Massa, don' tek me away," pleaded Inkie.

"Now then, Inkie; I'm going to treat you all right, so tell your Mammy good-by, and come on."

But even though "Massa" was good to her, Inkie began to miss Mammy so much that she could stand it no longer. She had stayed on the plantation about seven and one-half months, when finally she decided to run away. So waiting till midnight, she gathered up her "baggage" and ran. It was a long six miles, but Inkie reached home in the morning about nine o'clock.

Mammy saw her first. "Lawsy, honey chile'; wan't they good ter yo' all, honey?" she questioned.

"Oh, yes, Mammy, they wuz, but I jus' missed yo' all so,"

"Yes, honey, Mammy missed yo' all, too. Come on, angel chile,' get in Mammy's lap. Yo' all is here to stay now, precious, an' I ain't nebber gonna let yo' all go 'way agin!" And once more, Mammy cuddled up Inkie and sang:

"Mammy's little honey chile,
What's sweet as she can be,
Mammy just lubs her so, 'cause you see,
She nebber misobeys me, an'
She nebber disbehaves me,
Mammy's lil' honey chile,'
What's sweet as she can be.

"Mammy's lil' honey chile,'
Oh she's so sweet and good,
If no one else'd help Mammy she sho' would.
She washes all de dishes and washes all de glasses,
And when she git's done, she gits—bread and 'lasses."

MATILDA CLARKE,
Age 12. Memphis, Tenn.

MY KITE

When the wind blows,
My kite sails up on high.
Blue sky and wind above,
A long string down to earth,
And at the end am I.

SUSANNE OTIS,
Age 9. South Pasadena, Calif.

SUSANNE AND ARNOLD OTIS

Dear Miss Waldo:

My best chum and I have a club called the Chickadee Club. We meet every second week at our respective houses. At each meeting we must have an original story or poem to read. We have a serial story which we carry on from meeting to meeting, and we choose a poem from the Joy Givers' Club. We take turns writing the minutes.

Last summer we visited Victoria and Vancouver. While at Victoria we went to see the Butchart Gardens. They were very beautiful. At the entrance to the grounds there were rows and rows of plants grown for seed. Farther on there was the Japanese garden. This was of a formal type with lawns, walks, trellises and fountains. In this garden there were also a few greenhouses filled with beautiful plants. Beyond this were the sunken gardens, which were made from an old ugly quarry. In these there were also lawns and walks, but they were quite different. The paths or walks went up and down small hills and in all sorts of nooks and crannies. There were small gnomes situated in a small pool. Many bright-colored flowers, such as the broom, were on the mossy cliffs of these gardens. There were many beautiful places around Victoria, but to me this was the loveliest.

Your loving reader,

PEGGIE MURRAY,
Age 12. Medicine Hat,
Alberta, Canada.

THE GOLDFISH

The goldfish swims and swims some more.
His house has neither roof nor door,
Though it has pebbles for a floor.

I wonder what he does at night—
No window blind hides him from sight,
He never can shut out the light!

He has no crib nor cradle there,
No window opens for fresh air,
But maybe goldfish do not care.

I've never seen a goldfish cry,
But who could tell if he should try
With water all about each eye?

MARY ALICE ELLIOTT,
Age 9. Kansas City, Mo.

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THE BIRDS

What is the language of the birds?
Their speech is one of unknown words.
They tell of their journeys through the day.
I wish I knew just what they say.

Where the meadows bloom and the woods are cool,
When the little children are all in school,
They go soaring over hill and tree.
If only they'd tell their secrets to me!

REGIS MOLL,
Age 12. Evansville, Ind.

Dear Miss Waldo:

This spring my mother let my brother and me tap seven maple trees in front of our house. We took a drill to make a hole in the trees, then we stuck some spouts in. Then we hung pails on the trees for the sap to drip into. When they were full we emptied them into a boiler. My mother let us make a fireplace in the backyard. We made it of cement blocks, where we boiled the sap down to make syrup. We made three and one half gallons of syrup. A lady told us that it took thirty-one and one-half gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup.

Your CHILD LIFE reader,
GEORGE A. PERCIVAL, JR.
Age 9. Mason, Mich.

Dear Miss Waldo:

My aunt Marg gave me my magazine for Christmas and I hope to receive it again next year. I enjoy the letters from the boys and girls so much. My home is in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, but I went to California with my aunt. I love the ocean and the mountains. They are wonderful places for children, for we can play out-of-doors every day. I had a wonderful trip to Catalina Island on the big boat.

My daddy is a theatrical man and he and Mother are coming out here to see me soon.

Sincerely,

Written when aged 7 J. D. MORGAN, JR.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

J. D. MORGAN, Jr.
Los Angeles, Cal.

POPPIES

Poppies, golden poppies,
Gleaming in the sun
Closing up at evening,
When the day is done.

Pride of California,
Flower of our state,
Growing from the mountains
To the Golden Gate.

HARRIETT LOUISE WILSON,
Age 10. Santa Barbara, Calif.

"Wouldn't It Be Terrible if there Wasn't any Sand"

Dear Kiddies.

I went down to the beach yesterday to see how much fun my little friends have in the sand. They take their Hustler Toys along. they fill the pails and haul the sand about - they just have a wonderful time building castles and things. It scares me to think how terrible it would be if there wasn't any sand.

I know you would love to have some of the toys I make for playing in the sand. If you wish, I will send you some colored pictures of them. Just have mother write your name and address below and mail it to me.

Lovingly,
Uncle Bill Hustler

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CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Requests for letters from other children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian. Lack of space prevents our using more names and addresses each month.

Roberta Kerl, 944 Emmett St., Schenectady N. Y., age 10.
Lucile Parks, 28½ Center St., Berea, Ky., age 10.
Rita Schur, 1039 Shields St., Marinette, Wis., age 9.
Charlotte Hoyt, 47 Church St., Glenbrook, Conn., age 11.
Barbara L. Sebring, 266 W. Ohio Ave., Sebring, Ohio.
Audrey Henricksen, 506 31st Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., age 13.
Margaret E. Heinrich, Minonk, Ill., age 9.
Dorothy Williams, 1415 Forrest St., Seattle, Wash., age 11.
Jane Catlin, New Richmond, Wis., age 12.
Mary Talbot, 74 Linwood Ave., Whitinsville, Mass., age 9.
Alice Bundy, Hertford, N. C., age 11.
Anne Stanisich, 42 Adams Hill, Eveleth, Minn.
Betty Barry, 416 River St., Cadillac, Mich., age 13.

VACATION

Up on a hill
Far, far away,
There are bushes and trees
And boys and girls play.

Down in the lake where
We go swimming each day,
The waves go rolling
And tumbling in play.

LAWRENCE GRIFFITH,
Age 9. Lansing, Mich.

LAWRENCE AND ELIZABETH GRIFFITH

My dear Miss Waldo:

I have been this last year with my grandparents in Germany, visiting relatives, and have been going to school. "Child Life" has been sent to me regularly, and I enjoy it exceedingly.

I like school here very much, and can read, write and speak the German language. I have many nice little friends, and have learned many new games from them.

The country around here is very beautiful, with many ruins and castles to which we have made many excursions. Our garden is very large, and has many beautiful shrubs and flowers. At the end of the garden is a play house, where I like to play with my friends.

We intend to go to the Rhine to visit relatives. Then we expect to go to Ulm. I am anxious to climb the cathedral tower

there, which is supposed to be the highest in the world.

This summer we intend to go back to America, and although I like it here very much, I will be glad to see my brother, sister and parents again.

Here I am sending you a photograph of my little cousin and myself. She is five years old.

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHEA HEYL,
Age 10. Reutlingen, Wurttemberg, Germany.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I wanted to tell you how I enjoy the "Child Life," and how I first knew it. When I was in grade 4A my teacher bought a copy and read some story and poems from the magazine. Suddenly when school was out in afternoon, I asked my father if I could buy a copy, and he said, "Yes." So, I always bought my magazine in the drug store. Soon at Christmas time he subscribed a year for me.

I was so interested in the story about artists and music and poems, because I just love to write poems, and music.

Your friend,
NGE WEY CHUNG,
11430 Euclid Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio

THE WIND

The wind blows furiously,
And I watch curiously,
I cannot see him blow,
But he's doing it, I know.

I hear him blowing all around,
He makes such a funny sound,
But when I look he is not there,
I can not even see the air.

He blows and blows with all his might,
But when I look he's out of sight.
I look around and try to see
The wind, but he plays tricks on me.

WILLIAM MILTON,
Age 9. Sedalia, Mo.

BATH TIME FOR BABY AND ME

Bath time is splash time for baby and me.
We whirl the water into foam just like a stormy sea.
We kick our toes and up it goes like fountains in the sky,
Until nurse scolds and says the floor will take an hour to dry.
A bad time, a sad time comes every head washing night.
The smarting soap gets in, although you screw your eyes up tight.
Your hair is scrubbed and rinsed and rubbed and twisted in a ball;
You can't help crying and you wish you had no hair at all.
It hurts and yet you soon forget, and all your trouble goes
When by the cozy nursery fire you sit and warm your toes.
The red glow shines like magic mines where wee dwarfs dig for gold,
And little furry sprites pop out all cold.

MARILYN MOSES,
Los Angeles, Calif.

VACATION FUN

Vacation time
I like to play
On grandpa's farm
In a stack of hay.

Age 8 LAWRENCE BROWN
Oberlin, Ohio

Dear Child Life:

My aunt gave me my magazine for my birthday two years ago. I like all the stories, but I like "The Willow Whistle" the best.

I have a dog named Nebuchadnezzer. We call him Nebby for short. He has been nearly around the world. My uncle had him in Colombo, Ceylon, and then he went to Paris. He couldn't have a dog there, so he sent him to me for Christmas.

Yours truly,
DOROTHY TURNER DOSTER,
Age 9. Watertown, Conn.

Contemporary print of the Battle of Tudela, in which the French defeated the Spaniards in northern Spain, November, 1808

Sitting in Paris he won the BATTLE OF TUDELA

HE glanced keenly at the map for a moment, then turned again to the letter before him.

"Entrench Tudela, at once," Napoleon wrote rapidly. "And keep the lines of communication open to Logroño, by the right bank of the Ebro if possible, by the left bank *at all costs.*"

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